THE LIVING AGE

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for December, 1934

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THE LIVING AGE was established by E. Littell, in Boston, Massachusetts, May, 1844. It was first known as LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, succeeding *Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature*, which had been previously published in Philadelphia for more than twenty years. In a prepublication announcement of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, in 1844, Mr. Littell said: 'The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travelers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world: *so that much more than ever, it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries.*'

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THE GUIDE POST

OUR annual Christmas scoop—it was Technocracy in 1932 and the arms scandal in 1933—takes the form of a complete exposure of *The Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion*. Literally millions of copies of this notorious forgery have circulated in seventeen different languages all over the world, and it has now become the subject of a libel suit in Bern, Switzerland. But no Jewish scholar who has denied the alleged plans for Jewish world domination has uncovered even a fraction of the damaging evidence that Mr. Eshleman presents. He maintains that the *Protocols* were written in 1905 by a Russian monk named Nilus for the purpose of upholding Orthodox religion and conservative institutions generally and that the long book of which they were a part was not directed primarily against the Jews. Nilus fell into many inconsistencies and borrowed not only from Joly's *Dialogue in Hell* but from half a dozen well-known Russians, including Bakunin and Dostoievski. As for Mr. Eshleman, the author of the article, he has studied and taught in several leading American universities and has written numerous book reviews for *Current History*, the *Philadelphia Record*, and THE LIVING AGE. His article summarizes a much longer monograph in which he quotes at length from a variety of sources.

PAUL KÉRI attributes the Marseille murders to the combined efforts of Italy, Germany, Hungary, and Austria. He points out that Croatian terrorists have received training in Hungary and travel on Hungarian passports under false names. He shows that the official publication of the Croatian independence movement has lately shifted its offices from Vienna to Berlin. He also accuses Italy of supporting a mass movement of Croatian separatists.

A SPANISH lady who was visiting Oviedo, the chief storehouse of military supplies in Spain, during the recent uprisings describes her adventures. Compared to what people suffered in Russia, her tribulations do not sound very terrible, but she has written an honest and first-hand report of an event that will certainly live in history.

A REGULAR contributor to the *Neue Weltbühne* of Prague describes three of the most important statesmen in Central Europe. Titulescu, Rumania's Foreign Minister and the biggest man in the Balkans to-day, is treated with sympathy; Colonel Beck, Pilsudski's right-hand man and Foreign Minister, meets with hostility. Kurt von Schuschnigg, Dollfuss's successor in Austria, receives more credit for ability than for anything else.

BECAUSE Singapore holds the key to both the Pacific and Indian Oceans it has become the most important strategic spot in the world to-day. An Australian editor shows that the further-flung members of the British Empire understand its military importance, and a French visitor gives a lively description of Japan's economic offensive in that part of the world. Significantly enough, the English residents of Singapore want to capitulate to the Japanese, whereas the Liberal cotton spinners of Manchester have forced the National Government to shut out nearly three-quarters of the cheap Japanese goods that used to be admitted there duty free.

THIS account of Singapore leads directly to a Spanish correspondent's review of Antoine Zischka's new book, *The Secret War for Cotton*. Earlier in the year we reproduced from the same source a review of Zischka's earlier book, *The Secret War for Oil*, which later served as the basis for F. C. Hanighen's *The Secret War*. This time M. Zischka shows the part that cot-

(*Continued on page 376*)

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THE LIVING AGE

Founded by E. Littell

In 1844

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The World Over

DURING THE PAST year, the two rival groups into which all Europe is gradually dividing have become more and more clearly defined. France stands at the head of one coalition, Germany of the other, and England revels in its historic rôle as arbiter of Europe's destiny. Indeed, British intrigues are chiefly responsible for the failure of France and Germany to come together in the course of the past fifteen years.

What is the line-up of Powers at the present time? Poland, Japan, and Hungary have definitely joined the German coalition. Russia, Bulgaria, and Italy have deserted Germany for France. The Little Entente remains in the French camp, but Yugoslavia and Rumania may break loose at any moment. Even Czechoslovakia has a large pro-Nazi German minority on its hands.

The Polish-German non-aggression pact and Russia's admission to the League of Nations stand out as the decisive changes of a year in which riots in France and Austria, Hitler's 'purge' in Germany, and the Marseille murders hastened the pace of events. Premier Goemboes of Hungary, for instance, visited Warsaw shortly after the death of King Alexander and then set out at once for Rome. Meanwhile, the Japanese ambassador to Poland had been conferring with the Ukrainians, presumably with a view to carrying out the Rosenberg Plan for wresting Ukrainia away from Russia. The fate of Austria, the keystone of Central Europe, remains completely uncertain.

The powerful French coalition not only fears another uprising of Austrian Nazis, it is having a hard time holding even its original mem-

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bership. Rumania lives in mortal terror of the Franco-Russian alliance, and Foreign Minister Titulescu, the outstanding statesman in the Balkans now that King Alexander is gone, suspects that the Soviet Union has designs on Bessarabia. King Carol and his 'court camarilla' lean more toward Germany than France and would have ousted Titulescu entirely but for the Marseille murders. Nor is Russia in any kind of position to help France in the event of trouble in the Balkans. As for Yugoslavia, Paul Kéri's article elsewhere in this issue shows what powerful interests are at work trying to destroy that country entirely.

Italy has become the reluctant ally of France and must remain in the French camp until England gives the signal to break away. And, when we come to England, we not only arrive at the *x* of the European political equation, but we discover evidence that Sir Henri Deterding and the British Intelligence Service had a hand in the Stavisky affair and are supporting Germany's plans of eastward expansion. Roger Mennevée, the exceptionally well-informed editor of the *Documents Politiques*, has stated that Stavisky was 'probably' an agent of the British Intelligence Service who had been equipped with English funds to corrupt and disorganize the Left-wing parties in France. He also points out that Doumergue and Barthou, the two most important members of the National-Union Cabinet, both belonged to the board of directors of the British-controlled Suez Canal Company. Finally, our readers may recall a note that we printed last month describing Deterding's activities in Poland. This means that the first nation to break away from the French system of alliances is precisely the nation in which Sir Henri Deterding is most active to-day.

FOR THE LAST eighteen months, many foreign journalists with excellent records have proclaimed that the Hitler régime could not last long. That opinion we have reflected, together with the minority opinion that Hitler has come to stay. At first, the 'purge' of June 30 seemed to vindicate those who doubted Hitler's strength, but, when he weathered that storm and six weeks later received his overwhelming popular mandate as *Reichsführer*, his prospects brightened. Owing to the expulsion, flight, or imprisonment of almost all the best journalists in Germany, the Nazi press has given a wretched account of itself, but the foreign press has at last begun to do Dr. Goebbels's job for him and report more favorably on developments in Germany. This has become especially notable of late in the two most important financial journals in London,—the *Economist* and the *Statist*,—which have published a wealth of statistical material. Their correspondents in Germany emphasize such facts as these: the trade balance has turned unfavorable largely because Russia has ceased buying German goods; other exports have remained relatively

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stationary, and some have revived since April; car loadings have risen 10 per cent in the past year, department store sales 14 per cent; steel output has advanced steadily and has now reached pre-depression levels; exports of semi-finished goods and rolling-mill products rose 40 per cent during the first eight months of 1934 while exports of machinery were declining.

A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT of the *Statist* presents a more comprehensive picture. After pointing out that industrial production rose from 66.1 in April, 1933, to 88.5 in September, 1934, and that more than half of the six million unemployed have been taken care of, he described some of the Nazi policies in greater detail. Fritz Thyssen went to South America in October to make barter arrangements with Brazil and Argentina, and plans are under way to build a two-hundred-million-dollar plant to make artificial petroleum from lignite. All classes of the population are paying a heavy price for these developments. Not only has the standard of living of the workers fallen 30 per cent below the 1900 level, the owning class is having to surrender some of its privileges. Here is the way the *Statist* describes what is happening to them:—

> The leaders of business, the owners of property in Germany can by no stretch of the imagination call their possessions their own. They cannot dismiss a man without proving that it is economically impossible to keep him on; they cannot increase dividends without investing an equivalent amount in government securities; they are organized into compulsory cartels; they are compelled to coöperate in government schemes; the wages they pay and the prices they receive are regulated; the salaries of their higher personnel are subject to political approval; they cannot even appoint directors and managers without the tacit assent of the State and the Nazi party. They are compelled to make large contributions to all kinds of Nazi organizations, and they must join the Labor Front and contribute according to their means.

The Storm Troopers and the men in the labor battalions also made a deep impression on the *Statist's* correspondent, who closed his final dispatch with this description of National Socialism:—

> Like all revolutionary movements, even the Russian, it is the new expression of old characteristics and traditions. It is militarist, as the Germans under Prussian leadership have always been. It is based upon the middle classes rather than upon their 'liquidation,' and the middle classes have always been the backbone of Germany. It is centralized and disciplined, in the Prussian tradition. It is a violent reaction against that laissez-faire that has been anathema to most German economists since Friedrich List. Perhaps the truth was best expressed by a leading industrialist, who said: 'After all, every nation has its own form of Bolshevism.'

MEANWHILE Wickham Steed, former editor of the London *Times*, still insists that war comes first on the Hitler programme. Two recent books that he reviews in the *Sunday Times* show that his fears have

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cause. In one of them, *Hitler Re-arms*, Dorothy Woodman has presented the most formidable array of facts that have yet appeared anywhere, and Mr. Steed summarizes them in these words:—

> They show that Germany has been and is steadily laying in stocks of military raw materials, including every metal needed for armaments; that German home production of heavy oils and hydrogenated benzine is proceeding apace; that aircraft propelled by heavy oils, and therefore practically immune from explosion or fire, have been invented and are being multiplied; that, by the beginning of last May, the German air fleet consisted of not fewer than 2,000 airplanes with a reserve of at least 5,000 motors, backed by an industrial capacity to produce 3,000 new airplanes and 10,000 motors per month; that, alongside of the intense training of millions of youths and men for military service and the building of a by no means insignificant navy, the production of mechanical transport, tanks, artillery, of a wide range of poison gases, old and new, and of bacteriological cultures is going on night and day.
>
> German war industry, as a whole, and the immense chemical industry, in particular, have been brought by state subsidies to a point of potentiality hardly equaled during the Great War. This has been done partly in secret and partly with a contempt for secrecy that argues a high degree of preparedness. And the whole terrific activity goes on in an atmosphere of 'ideological preparation for war' with which every careful student of Nazi literature and of Nazi teaching in schools and universities is only too familiar.

The other book reviewed by Mr. Steed, *Germany's Secret Armaments*, was written by Dr. Helmut Klotz, a German naval officer who became an aviator during the War. He now declares that it is 'the most brutal will and most sober resolve' of Germany's present rulers to unchain a 'war of surprise,' which he describes in terrifying language:—

> It will make a difference whether this surprise attack is carried out by spearmen clothed in skins or by a few hundred of Herr Göring's airplanes, each of which rains down two and a half tons of poison gas and death germs upon unsuspecting people and peaceful nature for the purpose of destroying all life, from the newborn child and the venerable old man to the last flower on the last field.

THE DEFEAT of the Spanish revolution suggests one form of reaction that may develop in Europe if Fascism fails. For over seven years Spain lived under a Fascist régime, which collapsed in April, 1931, and gave way to a democratic Republic. The new rulers faced two tasks,—agrarian reform and separation of Church and State,—but they moved so slowly and prudently that reactionary forces finally gained the upper hand a year ago. A period of jockeying for position followed, and in October the Left-wing forces struck, preferring to take the initiative rather than await the fate of German and Austrian Socialism. According to a correspondent of the *New Statesman and Nation* writing from Spain, the failure of the revolution 'is likely to result in a return, not to monarchy, but to dictatorship of the blackest reactionary character.'

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Yet he doubts that the men behind the uprising—Manuel Azaña, Largo Caballero, and Luis Companys—could have chosen a better moment for their attempt. The army was engaged in manœuvres, and Gil Robles was making rapid progress organizing his Phalanx Español, the Spanish equivalent of Germany's Storm Troops. The revolution failed because Azaña's Assault Guards, originally organized to defend the Republic, refused to turn against the Government. The *New Statesman and Nation's* correspondent takes a dark view of Spain's future:—

> The suppression of the revolution means, of course, the end of all socialist and even liberal movements in Spain for years to come. The ideals of agrarian reform and freedom from church dominance are, for the time being, hopelessly lost. The only important question in Spain to-day is to what depths of reaction Robles and his followers will descend.

THE CHINESE COMMUNISTS have been making up for their recent losses in Kiangsi Province by their gains in the province of Szechwan. Paul K. Whang writes this description of the new scene of their triumphs in the *China Weekly Review* of Shanghai:—

> Szechwan, being located in the far west of China, has been practically secluded from the outside world. What is going on in this remote land is very little known to the rest of China. Aside from being noted as the largest and one of the richest provinces, it has also had the distinction of being known as the hotbed of civil wars. Nominally, this vast province has been under the direct control of the Nanking Government; but, in reality, it has been ruled by a host of independent military leaders, who have carved it into many spheres of influence. These military leaders have maintained their respective mercenary armies and have been continually fighting each other for the purpose of gaining their personal ends. After decades of intriguing and fighting, Szechwan is still without a strong man who can bring the whole province under his absolute control.

General Liu Hsiang, who used to command the Nationalist forces in Szechwan, finally resigned his post in despair, saying that he could do nothing without the help of the local generals, who apparently have little enthusiasm for the Nanking régime. Mr. Whang therefore foresees trouble for General Chiang Kai-shek:—

> The gravity of the situation, therefore, can no longer be doubted. The northern and western parts of this vast province have now already been overrun with Red bandits, and, if the military leaders in Szechwan do not wake up and coöperate to resist the menace, the Red bandits will not have much difficulty in bringing the whole province under their control. The sovietization of Szechwan will, of course, add much prestige to the cause of Communism despite their setbacks in Kiangsi and Fukien. Once the Communists have successfully consolidated their position in this rich province, it will be next to impossible for the government forces to dislocate them. The topographical advantages alone will make their position impregnable. Be it noted that the Nanking Government has spent five long years in attempting to eradicate Red banditry in Kiangsi but has not yet achieved its desired objective. How long will it take to purge Szechwan once it has been contaminated with this Communist curse?

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A correspondent of the *North China Herald*, stationed in Chengtu, the capital of Szechwan, has described the activities of the Communists as follows:—

> The Reds have no doubt been feeling the pinch of hunger and have made the real objective the gathering of the rice harvest. They planted a great deal of the countryside with rice before they were driven out in the spring, and they do not intend to be beaten out of the harvest now. One thing to their credit is that they will not allow opium to be planted, sold, or used.
>
> The really amazing thing is that the hordes of soldiers have been so easily cowed. Large sums of money have been sent to the various armies, but it is to be feared that the officers have taken the lion's share of the funds and the men, who have been poorly paid, have no stomach to fight, especially when the Reds offer them $20 for their rifles and enough to eat.

REPRESENTATIVES of British finance and industry who wield a decisive influence on the National Government have at last openly declared themselves in favor of renewing the Anglo-Japanese alliance. Sir Charles Seligman, a member of the Federation of British Industries' trade mission to Manchukuo, told the *Osaka Mainichi*, 'I can say that practically every thinking Briton is in favor of a renewal of the Anglo-Japanese alliance.' Baron Barnby, head of the mission, and Baron Go, president of the Japanese Chamber of Commerce, went still further and entered into an agreement that, according to the financial editor of the Laborite *Daily Herald*, has these three aims:—

> British recognition of Manchukuo (starting with the granting of substantial credits to the Puppet State) and of Japan's 'special interests' in China;
>
> British acceptance of Japan's claim to a level of naval armament that would give her mastery of the China Seas;
>
> An entente or alliance that would be a guarantee that Britain would never join either with the League or with the United States in opposition to any aggression by Japan.

Baron Go makes no bones about Japan's objectives and recently declared:—

> There are two ways of getting the better of overproduction in Japan. One is to conquer foreign markets; the other is to turn producers into consumers. But the second way is impracticable. The only remaining way, therefore, is territorial expansion. The Manchurian question is important in this connection.

But war might mean that Japan would find herself fighting both the United States and the Soviet Union at once. Mr. Hirata Shinsaku, an authoritative military writer, has therefore added his voice to the chorus demanding an alliance with England:—

> When one reflects on the difficulties attendant on the possible campaign against the Red and the American force, one cannot help yearning from the bottom of one's heart for a military alliance with Britain. Perhaps Britain may be

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the ultimate enemy of us Orientals, as some of my friends think, but Japan is fated to have Britain for a comrade in arms if she is to push on her work of building up a continental state.

The *Financial News* of London not only welcomes a renewal of the Anglo-Japanese alliance but prophesies that it is on the cards:—

Not wholly irresponsible opinion suggests that the mission is blessed by the Government, that it is the Government's typically British first step downward to reality where formal recognition of Manchukuo lies, and that such recognition may eventually lead to a resumption of something approaching the close relations that existed between Japan and Great Britain before 1921.

It would be as rash, however, to assume that England will back Japan to the hilt in Asia as it would be to assume that she will back Germany to the hilt in Europe. J. L. Garvin, editor of the *Observer*, has recently declared that Anglo-American friendship takes precedence over the Anglo-Japanese alliance. He expresses an extreme pro-American view that the National Government most emphatically does not share, but the chances are that in Asia as well as in Europe British foreign policy will continue to play both ends against the middle.

IN JAPAN as in Germany disturbed domestic conditions go far toward accounting for England's reluctance to conclude a binding alliance. Two months ago we translated a review of Maurice Lachin's book, *Japon, 1934*, which describes the doctrine of 'National Marxism,' which is now sweeping Japan. It seems to bear a close resemblance to Germany's National Socialism and certainly contains the same revolutionary potentialities that Hitler crushed on June 30. In recent months, the Japanese military authorities have circulated 160,000 copies of a pamphlet entitled *The Essence of National Defense and Its Strengthening*, which confirms M. Lachin's contention that a nationalist Japanese revolution is in the making. Because certain politicians have accused the army and navy of consuming the lion's share of the national budget, the militarists have replied that a large army is needed to defend Manchukuo and have urged a redistribution of wealth more favorable to the peasants. The new pamphlet says in this connection:—

If a section of the nation monopolizes economic interests and the large majority live in poverty, with the result that class rivalry springs up between them, such a state of things is too serious to be tolerated not only from the point of view of national policy generally but from the standpoint of national defense. It is desirable that efforts should be made all around to create an economic organization under which all people can shake off selfish and individualistic economic ideas and work for the realization of the ideals of the State.

The word 'socialism' is avoided, but no other term could describe more accurately the programme set forth.

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Here is an American scholar's interpretation of the *Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion*, disclosing many sources and showing that they were not originally written as pure anti-Semitism.

The Truth *about* the *Protocols*

By Lloyd W. Eshleman

For nineteen years there have been circulated in many languages and among millions of people copies of a booklet entitled *The Jewish Peril* or *Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion*. Hitherto, critics have agreed that the purpose of the *Protocols* is to discredit Jewry by supposedly disclosing a Jewish plot to dominate the world. Thousands, if not indeed millions, of people have been most susceptible to this so-called 'Jewish peril.' It is widely alleged that the Jews dominate Russia and that soon they will dominate the world. Therefore, the *Protocols of the Elders of Zion*, which purport to 'give away' the 'infamous' Jewish 'plans,' have been kept in the limelight wherever anti-Jewish forces are at work. Certain Nazis in Germany could not overlook their historic value. 'Here,' said they, 'is the reason for our plight.' 'And here,' echo thousands of gullible Christians in every western country, 'is danger.' Hence the *Protocols* have assumed international importance.

Ostensibly reputable publishers in the western world together with reputable worthies in France, England, Germany, and America have attested the menacing threats to western culture inherent in the alleged disclosures of the *Protocols*. One of our wealthiest manufacturers withstood a famous lawsuit for having 'libeled the Jewish nation' by reprinting the *Protocols* in the *Dearborn Independent*. To-day, another trial is pending in Bern, Switzerland, where prominent leaders of international Jewry have brought suit against distributors of the still notorious *Protocols*.

The prosecution in the impending suit will attempt to prove that the *Protocols* are a forgery or a plagiarism of Maurice Joly's *Dialogue in Hell*, a philosophic essay in political theory.

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Jewish leaders maintain that the author or authors of the *Protocols* maliciously sought to discredit the Jewish nation by transferring words and ideas from Joly's fictitious Machiavelli into the writings of the so-called Jewish Elders who attended an international Jewish Congress at Basel in 1897. They hope to clear the Jewish nation of the odium thus attached to it by proving the *Protocols* to have been a 'forgery,' compounded chiefly of Joly's writings.

The present writer has examined various editions of the *Protocols* together with the *Dialogue in Hell*. He has had to agree with Roger Lambelin that, although the author of the *Protocols* used Joly's work and borrowed copiously from it, it is not a clear-cut case of plagiarism. The *Dialogue in Hell* does not attempt to cover the broad themes handled in the *Protocols*, although it does cover thoroughly certain of their political and economic aspects. There is not enough similarity between the subjects treated in the *Dialogue's* 337 pages (compared with the 90-odd pages of the *Protocols*) to account for more than 10 pages of the *Protocols*. Moreover, there is but little marked similarity of expression.

Now it is my contention that just as the real meaning of any document may be distorted, so the alleged *Protocols* have been misinterpreted by their critics. Although the author of the *Protocols* developed his plot by building up a fictitious story of a 'Jewish peril,' he actually had little thought at the time of his writing that in so doing he was destined to be associated with the world's most notorious anti-Jewish propagandists—the *Chornaia Sotnia*, the League of True Russians, or even with the 'Aryan' Nazis.

II

The earliest authentic version of the *Protocols* appeared in the final chapter of a large book published in Russia in December, 1905. It was entitled *The Great in the Little and the Antichrist as a Proximate Political Possibility* and was subtitled *The Memoirs of an Orthodox*. A copy is in the British Museum. The author, Serge Nilus, was a Russian priest of the Greek Orthodox Church, and the monastery press at Solatarevo published the first edition of his book. But the complete book, containing Chapters X and XII, the latter of which included among other things the *Protocols*, did not appear until December, 1905. The Red Cross of Tsarskoié-Selo published this second edition, which was dedicated to Father John of Kronstadt. The following twelve chapters graced its contents:—

I. How the Orthodox Was Converted to the Orthodox Faith
II. One of the Contemporary Miracles of Saint Serge
III. Journey to Sarovski Hermitage and to the Convent of Seraphim Diveski
IV. The Lay Brother of the Virgin and of the Seraphim
V. The Spirit of God Which Appeared to Father Seraphim, etc.
VI. Father Seraphim and Some Opinions on a Case of Murder
VII. An Episode in the Life of an Elder of the Optinoi Hermitage
VIII. Father Egor Chekriakuski
IX. One of the Secrets of Divine Administration
X. The Inhabitants of Heaven
XI. What Is Awaiting Russia—

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from the Prophecies of St. Seraphim

XII. ANTICHRIST as a Political Possibility (with which are included certain *Protocols of the Elders of Zion*)

One need consider little more than the chapter titles to perceive that the purpose of this book was not so much to fill the minds of people with anti-Semitism as to uphold Greek Orthodoxy and conservative principles to the Russian people. Much of the book is devoted to excerpts and narratives of Nilus's life, but in some places he tells of the dreams and forebodings of his priestly friends. On the whole, they seem to have been rather a neurotic lot, filled with hysteria and fanaticism. Nilus himself was a convert thanks to the efforts of Father John of Kronstadt, who cured him of an attack of vocal paralysis, a result of his religious manias. It seems hardly possible that Nilus was the type of man to insert his twelfth chapter 'in the guise of a Tsarist agent' who sought to stir up anti-revolutionary and anti-Jewish feelings. If so, he chose a peculiar medium. For the anti-Semitic passages are confined to a sort of symbolic epilogue.

This epilogue has since been used, as a separate publication, for anti-Jewish purposes. Nilus probably believed that the Jews would some day dominate the earth, or at least Russia; certainly he wanted a restoration of ultra-conservative thought in political, social, educational, economic, and religious matters. Yet his chief grievance lay in the manner in which the Russian people were falling away from the Greek Orthodox Church while the Church itself was disintegrating and splitting into factions. These things, Nilus tells us, saddened him greatly and caused him many a sleepless night. Like many another prophet of coming ruin, he was motivated almost solely by the desire to warn the 'literate' of 'what was in store for Russia' unless the people supported the paternal Tsarist monarchy and returned to the straight and narrow pathway of Orthodoxy. In so doing he may be regarded as a lesser Soloviev, a lesser Pobiedonostsev: he was one of those 'little men' who imitated the 'great men' in Pobiedonostsev's story of *The Great and the Little*, which may well have given Nilus the title for his volume.

III

From internal evidence alone, from the topics referred to throughout the *Protocols*, it seems impossible that any noteworthy portion of them could have been in existence prior to the autumn of 1905. For example, on page 35, the author states: 'When we introduce the new republican constitution.' Note the 'when.' This refers to the approaching Duma, which had, by the ukase of August, 1905, received the right to question and debate the measures to be considered by the administration. And on page 48: 'When we get into power our orators will discuss the great problems that have been convulsing humanity, in order, in the end, to bring them under our blessed rule.'

What great problems had just convulsed an entire people? Undoubtedly he refers to the Russo-Japanese War, the financial panic that had been raging for five years in Russia, the Russian Revolution of 1905, the bankruptcy of the Government, the failure of the wheat crops, and the subse-

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quent famine. On page 85 he wallows in the same slough of despond, speaking of the 'demoralization of Government brought about amid flames of anarchy.' Only the Russia of 1905 could have been described in such terms. Moreover, on page 76 his account of the way in which the budgets were customarily balanced certainly reflects the manœuvres of the Russian treasury between 1900 and 1905 when, in addition to governmental bankruptcy, the period of floating numerous internal and foreign loans had, as he says, just arrived.

On page 84 he writes: 'We will patronize peasant industries in order to injure private factories.' The peasants of Russia frequently forsook the land for brief periods of labor in private shops and factories in the villages and towns since agriculture had fallen into a state of decline. Therefore, the 'author' of the *Protocols*, after his revolution had been accomplished, would satisfy peasants and their trade unions by building up agriculture. He continues: 'The necessity for such [agrarian] reforms lies in the fact that large private-factory owners often instigate their workmen against the Government.' This phenomenon was true only of Russia, where, as James Mavor points out in his standard work, *An Economic History of Russia*, the capitalists and the factory owners blamed the Government for low wages and for failure to collect taxes equitably. This 'blame-it-on-the-government' attitude became their favorite excuse to soothe their difficulties with peasant labor.

Again on page 77: 'It is evident that under the existing system of taxation, these loans draw the last cents from the poor taxpayer in order to pay interest to foreign capitalists.' Here our author refers unsympathetically to the international bankers, who obtained high commissions for floating heavy loans to Russia through their Governments. He tries to make it appear that these financial complications were the work of Jews and international bankers. On pages 59–69, describing his new programme of paternalism, we see, thinly disguised, his idea that everyone should support the Tsar. These thoughts indicate not only the Russian concepts of their author but also the complete reversal that his mind underwent since he began writing.

These contradictions plainly indicate that the author had no clear-cut programme in view, either anti-Semitic or political, but that originally he wrote the *Protocols* as a fantastic and symbolic warning, as he tells in fictional form elsewhere in his book, of 'what was in store for Russia' unless the people returned to the straight and narrow pathway of Orthodoxy. He regarded his symbolic essay in 'horror mysticism' much as he regarded the story of the Antichrist that he included in his last chapter, along with the *Protocols*, as another type of symbolic warning against the imminent 'Mongol' domination of the Russian people—unless they held to the old Church, the old governmental traditions, and the old way of life. And, in any event, the incidents referred to in the *Protocols*, together with many others here precluded by space considerations, indicate not only that the author of the *Protocols* was a conservative Russian of the old régime but also that he could not have written them prior to the revolutionary year of 1905. This also would account

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for the fact that the *Protocols* did not appear in the first edition of Nilus's book. Moreover, the evidence here examined precludes the possibility that anyone could have seen the *Protocols*, in France or elsewhere, prior to December, 1905.

Thus far the examination has been confined largely to the 'purposes' of the *Protocols*. I have endeavored to show that they were not primarily anti-Semitic; that they may have contained partial plagiarisms of Joly's *Dialogue aux Enfers*, but that they were in no sense complete plagiarisms; that the events referred to in the *Protocols* reflect for the most part the condition of Russia at the time of the First Russian Revolution; that they were primarily the work of a Russian priest of conservative and orthodox views; and that the French influence, judged not only by documentary evidence but by the *Protocols*' internal inconsistencies, was negligible. Joly's work could not have been the chief source.

I am of the opinion that the *Protocols* for the most part are a conglomeration of conservative and orthodox views, leaning heavily upon many diverse writings, mostly Russian, with which the original author, whom I believe, despite his denial, to have been Serge Nilus, was familiar. It remains to be shown what these other writings were and to what extent they served as source material for Nilus's real purposes.

IV

An irresponsible, hysterical conservative, endeavoring to turn the public mind to conservative political and economic ideas by representing Jewish revolutionists as the fomenters of radical views to further their own diabolic ends would have to convince the people that conservative views not only were best but would also confound the enemies of the people. To do so he would depend upon the conservative tracts of other men. He would try to make it appear that clever Jews, knowing that conservatism was best for themselves, would preach radicalism and modernism to the ignorant populace in order to destroy the national strength of the Gentiles. His own idea would be that, as a result of his disclosures, the ignorant Gentiles would profit by the superior wisdom of the 'Learned Elders of Zion' and turn conservative themselves—thus foiling the enemies of the people.

But, if the author were to borrow from the works of such well-known conservatives as Machiavelli, Bismarck, or Daudet, his readers would doubt that the *Protocols* (or whatever he chose to write) were of Jewish origin. Hence, he turned to the conservative arguments of the fictitious Machiavelli in Maurice Joly's little known *Dialogue in Hell* and to the conservative arguments of other writers, including Soloviev, the philosopher, and Pobiedonostsev, Procurator of the Holy Synod in Russia, both of whose works were generally unknown because they were 'over the heads' of the Russian populace.

Pobiedonostsev expressed his opposition to the separation of Church and State. He attacked democratic institutions, the credit system, the new education, and he upheld traditional religious and social customs. If certain similarities of thought and expression occurred but a few times in the writings of Nilus and Pobiedon-

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ostsev, an objection to their introduction into the exposition might well be sustained. But, when they occur over and over again, with an identity of thought and with only such slight discrepancies in wording as might be expected from a poor translation of a brochure possessing but scant literary merit to begin with, then their influence on the author of the *Protocols* becomes obvious. Two examples must suffice:—

'Where ancient institutions do not exist to serve as a refuge for reason and skill in the application of laws, the very number and complexity creates a labyrinth.' (Pobiedonostsev's *Reflections*, p. 88)

'In order to secure public opinion, it must be made utterly confused by . . . all manner of contradictory decisions, until the Gentiles become lost in their labyrinth.' (*Protocols*, p. 21)

'The modern idols are empty phrases and generalities, such as Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity . . . Faith in these abstract principles is the prevailing error by which people are made to disregard the facts of life, ignoring conditions and needs, distinctions of time and place, and the peculiarities of history.' (*Reflections*, p. 99)

'Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity —words so often repeated by ignorant parrots. They did not see that in nature there is no equality, and that she herself created different and unequal standards of mind, character, and capacity.' (*Protocols*, p. 7)

Dozens of other passages could be quoted, in each of which Nilus attempted to demonstrate that only the most ignorant Russians would believe in the 'new ideas and institutions' of society—all of which he regarded as a snare.

V

On the other hand, Nilus had to give illustrations of false and malicious radical propaganda. He therefore wrote a good deal in the language of Lenin, Bakunin, and other prominent radicals, indicating that these ideas were being falsely distributed to the public by clever agents of 'Zion.' At that time Bakunin was the most popular of the revolutionary writers, and Nilus borrowed heavily from his pamphlet, *God and the State*, for description and examples of how the 'Jewish plot' was being carried out.

Through Bakunin's writings run the constant themes of appealing to the rule of reason and justice, and it must be remembered that the so-called Jewish Elders assert repeatedly that their agents must tell the people: 'Not money or the sword but reason and justice must rule.' Bakunin also constantly attacked the God and religion of the established order: 'Is it necessary to point out to what extent and in what manner religions debase and corrupt the people?' In describing the propaganda measures of the Jewish Elders the Protocols refer to those of their own membership 'who surreptitiously creep among the people, reminding them to what a predicament their Christianity and religion have brought them.'

Bakunin, a radical opponent of such men as Soloviev and Pobiedonostsev, constantly preached, in opposition to them, 'newer and better education,' stressing the importance of the new sciences, saying that the people were

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kept in ignorance by the systematic efforts of governments and churches, and that they were slaves to authority instead of enjoying liberty.

Another point worth mentioning is the constant introduction of material regarding the Pope, the Vatican, the Jesuits, and the Roman Catholic Church: all regarded as enemies by Bakunin and, therefore, by the 'Jewish Elders.' Finally, Bakunin's book, like the *Protocols*, purports to be a fragmentary manuscript. It seems that when Bakunin grew tired of his mystic and symbolic writing, which resembles Nilus's in many ways, he scribbled across the bottom of the last page: 'Here the MS breaks off.'

VI

Dostoievski's novels, *The Possessed* and *The Brothers Karamazov*, both introduce the plans and ideas of Russian revolutionists. It would appear that some of the 'revolutionary plans' of the Jewish Elders, as 'recorded by Nilus,' receive their more ridiculous aspects from the rather ridiculous characters in these novels—whose words and ideas our dull-witted priest probably took quite seriously. After reading Dostoievski, one sees that even the wildest schemes are none too wild for the Bolshevists of fiction; and, after examining the background of Serge Nilus, the visionary Orthodox priest, one can see a long way into the nebulous mind of the author of the *Protocols*.

Vladimir Soloviev, the Russian Newman, enjoyed playing with ideas, which he occasionally expressed in fictional form. In 1898 he published three discourses, the last of which contained an epilogue called 'The Antichrist.' Soloviev believed, with many of the French and Italian schools, that the *Freemasons* would produce the *Antichrist*. They would not be successful, he added, until they had appointed a man with full powers to carry out their general policy. The chief candidate for this post, according to Soloviev, was still *an unknown member of the Freemasons*. (Italics in this and subsequent passages mine, to indicate resemblance with the *Protocols*)

Certain connections between Soloviev's writings and those of Nilus have already been indicated. Nilus's remarks in the prologue and epilogue of his book give evidence that Soloviev's 'Antichrist' certainly influenced him, as did also the stories of the Antichrist narrated in *The Visions of Count A. P. Tolstoï*, Pobiedonostsev's predecessor as Procurator of the Holy Synod in Russia. Like Nilus, Soloviev prophesied the downfall of European governments, which, in his version, was due to a pan-Asiatic conspiracy and not to the Jews; but, in both books, it was to be 'aided by Chinese and Japanese guns.' When the conquest was completed *the head of the symbolic serpent* was to return to the Mongol capital instead of to Jerusalem, as Nilus had it. In order to facilitate the conquest, *many secret organizations of Freemasonry were initiated, resulting in a widespread plot over all Europe*. He pointed out, as did the author of the *Protocols*, that liberty from such subjection could be attained only by organization and coöperation on the part of all European nations.

Another similarity lies in the fact that after the Asiatic conquest Europe became unified under a more or less

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autocratic state with democratic institutions and names. In preparing for the erection of this great empire of the impersonal mass it is noteworthy that *the idea of God ceased to be taught, even in the primary schools*.

Then we meet the Superman, corresponding to the 'supergovernment' of the *Protocols*. He it was who became the Antichrist, since he was second only to God and eventually came to be regarded as the Son of God, divinely appointed to rule over the whole world. The Antichrist applied to himself all that was said in the Gospel about the Second Advent. Like the *universal sovereign* of the *Protocols* (pp. 60, 87), the Antichrist *made speeches to the peoples of the earth*, telling them how he had brought peace and how all promises had been fulfilled. *Such manifestoes produced the desired effect*. He became a *new emperor of Rome*.

The new Roman and Universal Emperor, as he called himself, then announced simple and all-embracing social reforms, which, already stated in his writings, had captivated noble and sober minds. Thanks to *the concentration in his hands of all the world's finance and of a colossal number of landed estates*, he was able to realize his reforms *according to the wishes of the poor and without sensibly offending the rich* (Cf. *Protocols*, pp. 70–71).

The second and third year of the Antichrist's rule settled the political and social problems. In the fourth year the religious question arose. The Antichrist, it seems, had in the meantime adopted principles, like the emperor in the *Protocols*, that 'sounded' exceedingly Christian. His retainers *drove the Vatican out of Rome* and established a universal religious hierarchy in St. Petersburg. In the fourth year of his reign the Emperor moved *from Rome to Jerusalem* and issued manifestoes for all nations to choose between the Orthodox, Catholic, Evangelical, and Jewish religions. Apolyon, a tool of the Antichrist, was made *Pope of the New Universal Church*. In the *Protocols* there is a slight discrepancy here, as it is the descendant of David, 'our ruler,' who becomes *Pope of the Universal Church*.

Like the *Protocols* and like Bakunin's *God and the State*, Soloviev's 'Antichrist' also purports to be an unfinished manuscript. According to the story, the narrator says that 'some years ago a monk, just before he died, bequeathed to me this MS, which he valued highly, but was unwilling and unable to print it. It was unfinished and bore the name *The Coming of the Antichrist*.'

VII

During the seventies and eighties of the past century a Polish-Silesian of the cheaper sort wrote a number of stories and diatribes in which he made malicious references to the Jews. One of his writings, *Biarritz*, contained a chapter called 'The Jewish Cemetery in Prague,' which was produced later with slight alterations by anti-Semitic organizations as *The Rabbi's Speech* and circulated widely through eastern and central Europe. Earlier critics of the *Protocols*, who include Hermann Bernstein, Lucien Wolf, and John Spargo, attempted to prove from indications in the general contents of both writings that the author of the *Protocols* built up his work around Goedsche's 'Jewish Cemetery in Prague.' Their argument falls down, however, for the *Protocols* con-

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tain much more than a wild attack on the Jews. Moreover, believers in the *Protocols* pointed out that Goedsche had been connected with Jews and that what he had made known was merely part of a long-laid plot that had been hatched in the Sanhedrin centuries ago. They alleged that the later theft of the *Protocols* from a member of the Jewish Congress of Basel, 1897, merely proved Goedsche's findings and strengthened his contentions, since the conspiracies, with slight changes and adaptations, were still in effect among the 'Elders of Zion.'

It seems evident that the author of the *Protocols* knew Goedsche's writings, but, in view of the general vagueness of these alleged plans, their chief purpose was probably to aid in building up the story of a 'Jewish menace.' This would lend interest and perhaps 'historical validity' to the work of Nilus. By itself, therefore, the Goedsche chapter proves little but is of interest in depicting one more of the probable 'supplementary sources.'

VIII

I therefore maintain that the original intention of the author of the *Protocols* was not to encourage anti-Semitism but rather to encourage Greek Orthodoxy and conservative, monarchical opinion, together with old and traditional values in education, economics, and journalism. He knew that his ideas on these subjects would not appeal to the 'bestial minds of the masses' unless he arrayed them in the form of a breath-taking 'horror story.' But a trained anti-Semite would have stuck to his guns to the end: he would not have said (on p. 1), 'In governing the world the best results are obtained by violence and intimidation,' and then (on p. 85), 'Our sovereign will be chosen by God and appointed from above in order to destroy all ideas influenced by brutality and not by humanity.'

In his *Prologue*, Nilus alluded to the contest between the Papacy and the Sanhedrin for supremacy over the world. He feared the continued disintegration and final fall of the Greek Orthodox Church, caught between two fires: Rome and Jerusalem. To me these remarks clearly indicate the real meaning of the reference on page 19 of the *Protocols:* 'Moreover, what difference will it make to the world who is to become its master, whether the head of the Catholic Church or a despot of the blood of Zion?' In this passage the real fear of the real author shows through.

In view of their discrepancies, I cannot believe that the *Protocols* could have been seriously intended as anti-Semitic propaganda in the beginning —although they have been seized upon as such by countless people. They seem, furthermore, to reflect on the mentality of those who could accept them as 'primarily' anti-Jewish and calculated to bring about pogroms and recriminations. Rather do they appear innocuous, somewhat naïve, and chiefly designed to serve as a fantastic and symbolic warning to the readers of Serge Nilus's *Memoirs of an Orthodox.*

It might be added that the advisements of certain chiefs of the *Illuminatti* and of the Russian Freemasons also found place here and there in the *Protocols.* They account for the recurrence of such phrases as 'Those who would rule must have

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recourse to ruse and hypocrisy'; 'the end justifies the means'; 'our ruler must be of exemplary moral irreproachability'; '*Per me reges regnant*' ('through me the sovereigns reign'—a quotation from the *Vulgate*); 'the Russian aristocracy—our only dangerous enemy . . . with the exception of the Pope.' Similar quotations have been found in the declarations of such 'Illuminates' as Noviekov, Radieshev, and Weishaupt.

Occasionally phrases similar to the early declarations of revolutionary leaders like Lenin, Nechaev, and Bakunin also appear in some of the French versions. These, however, may have been the result of poor translations or of later emendations.

Both documentary records and the information brought to bear by an analysis of the *Protocols*' internal evidence, reveal a preponderance of Russian authorship, Russian sources, and Russian purposes—most applicable to the pre-war situation in Russia but peculiarly impotent in effecting their real author's real purposes. That this queer conglomeration of the efforts of the famous *Illuminatti*, of a French liberal émigré of Napoleon III's régime, of Orthodox Procurators such as Count A. P. Tolstoï and Konstantin Pobiedonostsev, of a philosopher such as Vladimir Soloviev, and of the outbursts of anti-Semitic agitators, such as Goedsche, on the one hand, and revolutionary agitators such as Bakunin and Lenin, on the other, could have been used in the composition of so weird a document as the *Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion*, sometimes called *The Jewish Peril*, is one of the literary miracles of the modern age. And that they could have been accepted seriously, either as anti-Semitic or as Semitic literature, for the past generation, is a real tribute to the words of Pascal when he said: 'Man is nothing but a heap of errors. Nothing shows him truth, everything deceives.'

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Here is the story behind the Marseille murders followed by a first-hand description of Spain's latest revolution.

Europe *in* REVOLT

Marseille and Oviedo Report

I. Behind the Marseille Murders

By Paul Kéri

Translated from *Europaïsche Hefte*, Prague German-Émigré Weekly

WHO loaded the hand machine gun of the Marseille assassin? What conspiratorial organization stood behind him? Where are his accomplices?

This dangerous, half-concealed conspiracy against Yugoslavia is three years old. It began in Vienna. After the defeat in the War, various legitimist officers, who were supported by the powerful and reactionary Christian Socialists led by Monsignor Seipel, believed that Croatia could be made into a legitimist Vendée. All their intrigues attempted to exploit the famous 'Green Organization' consisting of deserters from the Austrian army. Nothing came of this adventurous plan, but the pro-Hapsburg General Sarkotič, a Croat who had fought on the side of Austria and maintained powerful political connections in Vienna, did not give up the cause of separating Croatia from Yugoslavia. He became the Croatian and Yugoslavian expert of the Vienna *Reichspost*, which pulled all the wires connecting the various clerical, monarchist groups that were attacking Yugoslavian unity. The stronger clerical reaction became in Vienna the more important the Croatian question became among the legitimists on the *Reichspost*.

To-day, General Sarkotič has become one of the leading figures in the Austrian 'patriotic' front, and the official Vienna *Reichspost* sets the tone for all the attacks on Yugoslavia. Its leading article on the death of King Alexander proudly announced

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that Austria had become the centre of discontent in the Balkans and therefore the headquarters of the Croatian conspirators. This frankness is quite appropriate to a conspiracy against Yugoslavia that continues undisturbed and is even openly supported by powerful protectors.

II

At the end of 1931 a bomb was placed on a train in the station of Zemlin. The plot was traced to Vienna where the Croatian nationalist émigrés, Percec and Pavelič, lived. They had built up a terrorist organization of Croat adventurers, who made a specialty of throwing bombs. From then on, one bomb after another was planted in Yugoslavia. All were smuggled in on railway trains, and all came from Austria. Recent visitors to Yugoslavia know that their baggage is examined not only at the frontier but also when they descend at any Yugoslavian city and that the trains are frequently inspected while en route. For the authorities are always on the lookout for bombs. Percec and Pavelič, who sent bombs from Vienna, negotiated officially with the highest and most influential Austrian politicians. They were an integral part of the 'greater' Austrian policy.

Later, when too many bombs were being traced to Vienna, Percec and Pavelič transferred their energetic activities in behalf of intervention in Yugoslavia to underground channels. The two men no longer were received publicly in Vienna. They lived under assumed names. The terroristic movement, however, did not falter. On the contrary, it became more intensive. But the bombs no longer came exclusively from Austria. This form of export trade began to flourish more vigorously in Hungary.

Meanwhile, Goemboes had come into power. Goemboes advocates revision even more earnestly than Bethlen did, and Goemboes, moreover, is an old specialist on Croatia. As an officer during the War, he was in charge of the Zagreb army corps, and he spent most of his so-called 'front-line' duty in Zagreb, the Croatian capital. On account of his good connections and knowledge of Yugoslavian affairs the Károlyi Revolutionary Government, with which he worked, sent him as military attaché to Zagreb, where he at once plunged into reactionary intrigues. In 1932 the Goemboes Government gave the post of Foreign Minister to Koloman Kánya, who owed his fame to having conceived the plot of castrating Consul Prohaskas. His inclination toward adventurist methods in foreign policy made him ripe for collaboration with the Nazis, especially since he had spent some years as Hungarian Minister to Berlin.

The Goemboes Government committed Hungary to an energetic part in Croatian affairs. Percec and Pavelič received Hungarian passports on the theory proclaimed at Budapest that any inhabitant of 'occupied territory' was a Hungarian citizen and could receive a regular Hungarian passport if he wanted one. When these two terrorist leaders traveled, they therefore used Hungarian passports, but they spent most of their time in Hungary although the real centre of their organization remained in Vienna. It was there, too, that the official publication of the terrorists

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entitled *Grič* appeared under the protection of the Vienna régime.

The military organization of the conspiracy went forward in Hungary. Ordinary criminals and genuine political refugees from Croatia were received in Budapest by a central committee of active officers, who spoke Croatian and were former comrades in arms of Goemboes. As citizens of greater Hungary, they received Hungarian passports in whatever names they cared to give and were then transferred to the training camp at Jankapuszta.

Jankapuszta is an estate near the Yugoslavian frontier. Terrorists live there disguised as agricultural workers while receiving instruction in the handling of arms from officers dressed in civilian clothes. In the event of war against Yugoslavia they are assigned the task of leading domestic 'revolts,' and therefore they chose the name of *Ustascha*, which means 'revolt' in Croatian. This function they are to resort to only in the event of 'emergency.' In 'time of peace' they functioned as bomb throwers. They prepare and ship bombs and have been instructed in the mysteries of the amazing hand machine gun used in Marseille, which turns out to have been of German manufacture. Numerous trained experts go from Jankapuszta to Yugoslavia. They receive false passports prepared on the passport exchange in Budapest especially for such missions. Percec and Pavelic have frequently visited Jankapuszta.

During the uprising in Luka last year trained troops stood ready in Jankapuszta to launch an attack, but the uprising was nipped in the bud. At that time Fascist Italy played a more important rôle than Jankapuszta as the centre of mass training for terrorists, and Jankapuszta devoted itself merely to sending bombs and individual assassins to Yugoslavia.

In 1933 Mussolini began giving active support to attacks on Croatia. 'Rebels' were trained in camps at Borgotaro, Bovegno, and Bardi. The Croats even received complete uniforms from Italy. They were, and still are, transported to Zara on Italian ships, and from there they made their way inland along the Dalmatian coast. In 1933 Mussolini figured as the chief supporter of the Croatian terrorist movement. Italy supplied most of the funds through Hungary; Austria also contributed, and not the least important reason for the failure of these efforts was the incredible corruption of the leaders, who made away with huge sums of money. As a trusted friend of Italy, Pavelič had the Fascist journalist Giorgio Sanza put at his disposition. Sanza was born in Istria and therefore speaks Croatian. He supervises the publication of *Grič*, which is edited by Dr. Jelič, a Dalmatian who speaks fluent Italian.

Since Italian Fascism began to participate actively in the Croatian independence movement, Hungary and Italy competed with each other to send the most expert terrorists. The man who was supposed to throw a bomb at King Alexander in Zagreb in December, 1933, and happened by pure chance to be seized by the police came from an Italian training camp. The terrorists who blew up a train on January 22, at the time of the Little Entente conference in Zagreb, came from Jankapuszta. On this occasion they blew up the wrong train, for the Foreign Minister going to Zagreb had taken another. The terrorists con-

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fessed their plans as well as their origins in courts of law. And men from Jankapuszta were responsible for the assassinations in Marseille.

Until early this year, Vienna, Budapest, and Rome each played a distinct rôle. Vienna was the intellectual centre; Italy was responsible for mass training and armament; but most of the individual terrorists and bombs came from Hungary. In March, 1934, however, the energetic protests of the Yugoslavian embassy made trouble and led to the destruction of the bomb supply of one of the Croat terrorists. He had a German passport and went by the name of Guttmann. Subsequent investigation, however, revealed that his real name was Wilhelm Singer.

This Singer yielded a great deal of information. Trials in Yugoslavia and one in Kaposvár, at which a clumsy bomb dispatcher was caught, revealed a little more. The Vienna Government, being particularly concerned about its own 'independence' at that time, could not give the Croatian terrorists open assistance any longer. Pavelič and Percec had to leave Vienna. The 'intellectual' centre of their activity then shifted to Berlin. *Grič* is now being published there, and a flood of pamphlets is pouring out of the city though nothing is actually printed there. All the terrorist literature bears the imprint of the Free State of Danzig.

In Geneva Dr. Krajevič, who is maintained by the same Italian and German funds, heads a publication called *Croatia*, and Rosenberg's protective, generous hand encourages all this activity. Here again the anarchy of the Third Reich's foreign policy is revealed. The conspiracy against Yugoslavia does not follow the lines laid down by Göring and Neurath but the Rosenberg line. The Fascist alliance of Italy and Hungary, Austria and Germany is working together for the destruction of Yugoslavia in spite of all their internal quarrels and their numerous special interests.

Pavelič, who used to live in Vienna, has shifted his permanent abode to Berlin and is now in charge of the organization in Germany and Danzig, whereas Percec is living in Budapest. Colonel Adam, the Austrian propaganda chief, gives the activities of the Croatians extensive attention in the Austrian press, which is all the easier now that the organization has formally abandoned Vienna. The mass attack at Marseille involved an organization behind which stand Hungary, Italy, and Austria.

Some people express doubt as to whether this alliance can survive a possible understanding between Italy and France. The answer is that the Franco-Italian rapprochement does not serve the interests of either Hungary or Germany. Panic seized Hungarian foreign policy on the first indications of such a Latin rapprochement. It corresponds absolutely to the character of Kánya that he should direct Hungarian foreign policy with the aid of the Nazis. Barthou made himself particularly unpopular in Hungary as a result of his speech in Bucharest.

III

As regards Mussolini, he can do nothing whatever if men trained by his Hungarian ally for work in Yugoslavia are sent to Marseille although he may regard the move as a mistake. Moreover, which nation attaches more

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importance to the 'Latin' alliance, France or Italy? Obviously, France. But, if Mussolini's friendship has become so important to French policy, diplomatic relationships will not suffer even though the assassinations can be traced in part to Italy. The slight disturbance that a Franco-Italian treaty of friendship may have suffered as a result of what happened in Marseille is far outweighed by the fact that Alexander, the most experienced, intelligent, and dangerous opponent of Mussolini's plans in the Balkans, is out of the way. There was only one of him in Yugoslavia, and he simply cannot be replaced. His bold labors, which were progressing but which had not been completed, to bring Yugoslavia and Bulgaria together were a threat to Mussolini's Italy. A Yugoslavian-Bulgarian alliance is the key to the independence of the Balkan peoples. If these two countries come together, Mussolini's Fascist expansion in the Balkans becomes almost impossible. That is why the Macedonian leader Mikhailov, who had resorted to mass murder in order to block this rapprochement of two Balkan states, took the side of Italy some weeks ago. For Fascist Italy will further all the 'dynamic' efforts to upset the political balance on the Continent.

Alexander of Serbia was certainly no democrat. But those who killed him were equally certainly trained by the Fascist state apparatus and paid and directed by agents of the Italian-Hungarian-Austrian alliance, and, though this bloc may have some temporary differences with Germany, the Third Reich cannot fail to derive profit from such a constructive action. It shared in the benefits of Marseille.

II. Besieged in Oviedo

By a Spanish Lady

Translated from the *Diario de Madrid*, Spanish Liberal Daily

[*Up to now we have received accounts of only the most sensational aspects of the revolution in Oviedo—the miners' rebellion, the armed conflict, incendiaries, explosions, and the entrance of troops into the city. We have not heard how the families in that city actually lived during the ten days of the so-called siege. Yet this is, perhaps, the most interesting side of the picture because it reveals the life of the majority of the inhabitants, maintained heroically and secretly in cellars, attics, and every sort of hiding place and made even more terrible by the lack of any emotional release such as actual struggle yields.*

Luckily, we have had the opportunity of speaking to a lady from Oviedo, who spent these ten terrible days in the most dangerous section of the city. Ordinarily, she resides in Madrid, but when the revolt broke out she was staying in Oviedo at her sister's house, which is situated between the Institute, where the revolutionaries had their Central Committee and their main store of munitions, and the monastery of the Carmelite Fathers. Her account reveals her to be a woman of serenity and intelligence, and her keen powers of observation enable her to record the most minute occurrences and sayings, which, though

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comic at times, throw light on everyday life and give her story an authentic note.

This witness tells us nothing about what happened beyond the confines of her house and her hiding place. She does not know how the revolt developed. She heard only the boom of guns and explosions, but the events in the outer world occasionally penetrated her home, sometimes prosaically and sometimes tragically, and the family felt the dramatic tension that gripped the city. —EDITOR, '*Diario de Madrid.*']

ON FRIDAY, October 5, the strike broke out in Oviedo. Through the street where we lived—the calle de Santa Susana, near the hospital—ambulances began to pass, bringing wounded men from outside the city. These were the first signs of the approaching revolution. By afternoon gunfire began. A nephew of mine was caught unawares when he was not at home and had to take refuge in the house of a friend. We did not see him again until troops entered the city although we spoke with him over the telephone on that day and the next until communications ceased. On the following day, Saturday, October 6, the revolutionists had seized our part of the city, which stood on the highest ground. From a neighboring house in which they had a store of guns, they took machine guns and set them up opposite the big fountain on the Bombé promenade. My nephew telephoned that there were rumors that our section was very dangerous, which we afterward discovered to be true, and he advised us to abandon the house and seek another refuge.

Of all our neighbors on the other floors of the house only one family on the ground floor remained. We forgathered and went out together at dusk by the back door through the gardens—the house is on the edge of the city—to take refuge in a tumbledown, deserted warehouse, which had an attic with three small rooms and a very bad toilet. Here, jammed together, twenty-two of us lived for seven mortal days. At night—Oviedo had by now become an inferno of gunfire and explosions—we brought over mattresses, bags of rice and beans, and other food.

On one of these journeys we heard a feeble voice calling for help in the garden, such a feeble voice that it seemed almost as if it did not wish to be heard. We went toward it and found a man lying at the point of death by the foot of the wall. He was the prior of the Carmelites. The rest had all fled, and the prior, who was the last to go, had fallen when he jumped over the wall and dislocated his hip. We carried him with us to the attic, where we burned his robes in the little kitchen and tried to disguise him as much as possible.

In the subsequent days that he stayed with us—until they took him away—it was he who did most to keep up our spirits. He persuaded us to eat, reconciled us to dying in a state of grace, and, on occasions, for one gets accustomed to anything, told us stories that made us laugh until we also made jokes ourselves about our position and even about death. But, on the whole, we spent the nights in anguish and weeping. We did not know which was worse, night or day. The latter we spent stretched on the floor for fear of the bullets, which were being fired without interruption, and what seemed to me the saddest thing of all was to look up from this

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position and see, through the attic windows, the blue sky and splendid sun outdoors.

We ate the food we had brought from the house, but it became necessary to forage in the garden. When it was dark, we went out and procured some greens and some potatoes, which we fried until our olive oil gave out, and then we had to boil them. We had no water or light; at first we used candles brought from the house, then wicks stuck in little jars of oil, and finally nothing at all.

One of the ladies with us remained flat on the floor for three days, absolutely still, and her silence was terrifying. The servants lived with us and were lively and good-humored. At times they would put on red armbands and go out with money and bring us bread and water. The cook, who had two sons who were miners, detested them and the revolution.

II

On Friday the 12th—we had been there seven days—some men came in an ambulance and carried away the injured Carmelite. This is an enigma that I cannot yet comprehend. Were they revolutionaries who had discovered the monk's hiding place and were taking him away to assassinate him? Probably not, for they would have done that without so much fuss. Had some friend of his who knew where he was staying availed himself of this subterfuge to take him through the revolutionaries like one of their own wounded and place him in the hospital next door? That also is not certain, because no one knew he was with us, nor had he told us that he was giving warning through one of the servants. I do not know what fate he met because when the troops entered I left Oviedo for Gijon.

The same day a shell fell on the warehouse, and, as it no longer seemed safe, we decided to return to the house and fortify ourselves in the floor below that where our fellow prisoners ordinarily lived. We found all the doors of the various floors forced open. In ours all the women's outer garments had been taken away—dresses, shoes, hats, coats, and jewels. Everything else was there; the silver was untouched. Then, in another room, we found the clothes of working women thrown on the floor, and we could only assume that they had dressed themselves in ours and put on our jewels. I really felt a great pity for such childishness, which is satisfied merely with exterior adornment.

That same day some one knocked at the door, and to our terror it was a revolutionary. He was a miner, about twenty-two years old, armed with gun and revolver and apparently in command of the machine guns I have mentioned. Our fright vanished at once: he wanted to eat. If we had had the rarest delicacies, the tastiest dishes, they would have been prepared for him. However, with food taken from the other deserted apartments, we were able to make such a good dinner for him that he said as he finished, 'From now on I'll eat here. The "hostess" where I am staying now feeds me very badly. Moreover, she is very dirty. So now you know . . .'

We asked him to take from the roof a red flag, which had been made with the dress of one of my nieces and which might attract bombs from the airplanes. He agreed with pleasure and substituted a white blanket for

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the red dress. Later he brought sherry and crackers to cheer us up.

On the following day—the last—he appeared at half-past eight in the morning to inform us that he was coming at half-past twelve to eat with two of his comrades who also complained of their 'hostesses.' The man was making dangerous demands on our 'hotel!' But he told us that one of his friends had stomach trouble and could take a little soup, a boiled egg, and some milk; and he promised to send us provisions.

III

And so it was. At eleven o'clock a delivery boy arrived with a great quantity of food that was as heterogeneous in its composition as it was in its proportions—half a pound of bread, three cans of preserves, fifty pounds of chocolate, a package of coffee, four bottles of Rioja wine, six bottles of cognac, and seven kilograms of pomegranates. He informed us that he had not been able to find milk for the friend's dinner.

At half past twelve he returned alone. After waiting a while for his friends he finally sat down at the table, saying, 'They must have gone off somewhere. Not very polite.'

We ate on the rear balcony, which overlooked the garden and was on the ground level, for the rooms overlooking the street were very dangerous. He ate with the men of the two families at one table; the women, at another.

He spoke with the men, very happy to have killed 'seven Fascists,' as he called them. But he had his grievances, none the less.

'Look,' he said, addressing them in the familiar forms of speech, 'I wear khaki . . . and I want to belong to the Red Shirts, because they belong to the Red Army. I want to join it because we're going to have a magnificent, enormous Red Army, which is going to do big things—destroy half of Spain and whatever else is needed.'

He put red wine in the soup, drank several glasses of it, and two cups of cognac with his coffee. But seeing that no one accompanied him he exclaimed, turning to one of the men, 'This can't go on. You must take some wine and cognac.'

The man replied with slight irony, 'No, you keep your customs and we'll keep ours—which is to drink water.'

Looking at the walls of the house and the nearby rooms, he suddenly said, 'This ought to cost you about fifty pesetas a month.'

'No, we pay two hundred and fifty.'

'How long have you been doing that?'

'Three years.'

'Three years paying two hundred and fifty pesetas a month? In that case the floor is yours from now on.'

Then he related, with great admiration, that the revolutionaries had an amazing plan—to use fire hose to spray gasoline on the houses and set them on fire and then set open tanks of gasoline rolling down from the upper streets so that they would scatter the liquid and burn Oviedo.

Very grateful for the meal, he presented one of the men with a very expensive razor, and, when the recipient of the gift tried to thank him, he answered, 'No, I don't need money. Look, I left the house with seven pesetas, and I still have them,' and

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digging down into his pants' pocket he showed them to us.

At this moment the first explosion burst forth in the powder house at the Institute. It was a partial and feeble explosion and permitted some of the prisoners whom the revolutionary tribunal held captive there to escape. We were still frightened and considered leaving the house again when a figure appeared outside the balcony, a pale spectre, with wild, rolling eyes, who approached the glass panes and without uttering a cry folded his hands as if to entreat pardon in a desperate, almost imperious manner. His supplicating hands had been burned black! We opened the door, which gave out into the garden, and the newcomer fell lengthwise on the floor. We picked him up and placed him in a chair. He was a priest fleeing from the Institute next door and was so weak from hunger that his stomach could hardly hold a few teaspoonfuls of water.

But, when the revolutionary saw what was happening, he got up, pointed his gun, and cried, 'Get away, he is a priest. I must kill him. We have orders.'

We surrounded the priest, covered his body with ours, and dissuaded the miner, who finally let drop his gun and said, 'Very well. As a favor to you, who have treated me well. But I must leave, otherwise I shall implicate myself.'

And he indeed departed.

Then came the second explosion in the Institute, the final one, which reduced it to dust. It ripped the doors of our house out of their frames, fragments of window panes flew into the walls like daggers, and the iron shutters were blown out like balloons. On the floors above great stones torn from the Institute by the explosion produced the same effect as bombs and carried away huge sections of the wall.

We heard the voices of the revolutionaries, 'Help, comrades!' and at the same time, 'Run for your lives!' The explosion marked the end of revolutionary power in Oviedo.

The miner returned, burned by the explosion, and at the very door exclaimed, taking off his Sam Browne belt, 'I'll stay here with you.'

We promised to save his life, since he had saved the life of the priest; but, suddenly, with an access of despair, running his fingers through his hair, he began to cry, 'No, no, I can't stay! I must share the fate of my comrades! I must die fighting!'

He put back his belt and ran out like a madman.

On that same Saturday the men went out into the street and returned with my nephew. On Sunday I ventured forth, but I can hardly say anything about it because it was the most moving experience I had undergone in the last few days. Friends who met wept and embraced almost before they had recognized each other. The streets were filled with the stench of garbage, and dead bodies were still lying about everywhere. Some friends accompanied me that same day to Gijon, and from there I took the train to Torrelavega.

Long afterward we discovered that the people who took the Carmelite to the ambulance were revolutionaries. Instead of transporting him to the hospital as they said, they took him to another place where he was murdered.

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The pioneer of the arms investigation suggests a feasible programme for Senator Nye's Committee to follow during its December hearings and afterward.

A Programme *for* Senator Nye

By THE EDITOR
OF THE LIVING AGE

DISCLOSURES in THE LIVING AGE had so much to do with bringing about Senator Nye's investigation of the munitions industry that we printed an editorial article six months ago suggesting some points the investigation might cover. To-day, in the light of the new facts produced by the Nye Committee, we offer a few more suggestions. For, when the Committee resumes its hearings in December, it must begin to unfold some plan of action in order to yield the results that the facts already warrant. By the end of the year the original appropriation of $50,000 will be exhausted, and the public will expect not only an accounting but some promise of benefits to follow.

The September hearings of the Nye Committee proved to the hilt the charge that the munitions industry depends for its very existence on corruption as well as on war. 'We all know that the foundation of South American business is graft,' wrote Lawrence Y. Spear, a vice president of the Electric Boat Company, to an official of Vickers-Armstrong, and in a summary of the September hearings, entitled *"One Hell of a Business"* H. C. Engelbrecht, co-author of *Merchants of Death* and one of Senator Nye's investigators, wrote: 'Bribery also played a part in the Du Pont hearings. The Du Ponts do not like bribery and have declined business when "commissions" are necessary. None the less, the files show that in some Chinese transactions somebody received large "commissions."' In his correspondence with Electric Boat, Sir Basil Zaharoff, the greatest authority of them all, made no secret of the necessity of bribery in the arms traffic—'doing the needful,' he called it.

American diplomats, soldiers, and sailors all lent themselves to this business, on at least one occasion

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to the detriment of their own country's national defense. Not only did the Department of State help private American concerns to secure arms contracts in Latin America, the Department of War allowed army pilots to demonstrate American-made planes to foreign governments, and the Navy Department sent an American naval vessel to Turkey as a floating showcase of American guns. War Department officials even gave out secret designs for anti-aircraft guns, knowing that the guns were to be sold abroad.

II

Besides exposing the corruption of the arms industry, the Nye investigation also started a number of other hares that must be run down before any valid recommendations can be offered. For one thing, it revealed the arms industry as a definite menace to world peace. The Du Pont interests, for example, helped to block Congressman Hamilton Fish's proposal of a world-wide embargo on munitions shipments and promoted the sales of Du Pont products to Nazi Germany through a hired spy, who had previously served eighteen different foreign governments. Nor did the arms merchants deny their responsibility—witness this confessional gem from a Remington Arms salesman, who unwittingly provided Mr. Engelbrecht with a title for his book: 'We certainly are in one hell of a business, where a fellow has to wish for trouble so as to make a living, the only consolation being, however, that if we don't get the business, someone else will. It would be a terrible state of affairs if my conscience started to bother me now.'

Previous exposés showed that the arms merchants of Europe have done more than 'wish for trouble.' Hitler has never denied the charge that he received funds from the French armament firm of Schneider-Creusot, which tried to encourage a war scare in France by helping the Nazis in Germany. When *Fortune's* masterly survey, 'Arms and the Men,' appeared, it lacked sufficient proof to accuse the American munitions industry of deliberately fomenting war; its concluding paragraphs pointed out that the worst armament scandals had occurred in Europe because the industry bulked larger there than it did in the United States. Thanks, however, to the Nye investigation we now know that the European arms makers not only have no monopoly on corruption but that the American arms makers work in close association with them. Between 1919 and 1930 the Electric Boat Company paid Sir Basil Zaharoff over three-quarters of a million dollars in commissions and tried to help him evade American income tax payments in 1917 on a still larger sum. Imperial Chemical Industries and Du Pont employ the same salesmen, share their trade secrets, and agree, through interlocking directorates, to divide world markets. Curtiss-Wright has sold supplies to both China and Japan as eagerly as Schneider-Creusot ever did. In short, the myth that the American arms merchant operates on a higher code of ethics than his European competitor has gone glimmering. Instead, we discover American firms working closely with all the foreign firms that have figured in the great arms scandals of the past twenty years.

A year ago the news that Fritz

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Thyssen, head of the German steel trust and one of the greatest arms makers in the country, had contributed two million marks ($500,000) to Hitler's presidential campaign fund caused an international sensation. On October 29 of this year incomplete reports made public by the Nye Committee showed that twenty-five officers and directors of the Du Pont company had contributed $432,000 to the Republican and Democratic Parties between 1919 and 1934. In 1928 Lammot Du Pont gave $42,000 to the Republicans; this year Irénée Du Pont, who gave the Democrats $5,000 in 1933, gave the Republicans $35,249. Not even the largest of these gifts ever gave the Du Ponts such control over the Republicans as Thyssen gained over the Nazis, but they can fairly be compared to the favors that Tardieu has received in France from the Comité des Forges.

In one respect only has the Nye Committee failed to show that the American arms industry duplicates that of Europe. No great newspaper, magazine, or press association has yet been identified as the property of the arms makers. But there is another field that has never been fully explored and that the Nye Committee touched just once when it revealed that Sir Basil Zaharoff owned stock in the Chase National Bank of New York and enjoyed the friendship of Albert H. Wiggin, its former chairman. That is the field of finance, banking, and credit, on which the munitions industry, like all industries, depends. For, just as war cannot be waged without munitions, so industry cannot function without credit—at least not under a capitalist system.

The Nye Committee exposed one danger of war during its September hearings by investigating the bottleneck through which the traffic in arms flows. It has yet to inspect the bottleneck of credit through which flows the wherewithal that keeps all industry going. In our editorial article of six months ago we made the point that when the British Treasury, the last source of Allied credit, finally ran dry in March, 1917, and could not meet one of its payments, President Wilson faced the choice of putting the resources of the American Treasury at the disposition of the Allies or of creating an immediate and profound business depression by halting the nation-wide boom that Allied credit had financed. The fact that the Morgan bank in its capacity as purchasing agent for the Allied Powers had used the gilt-edged securities that the Allies provided to pay for these purchases did not mean that a handful of Morgan partners brought the United States into the War. Nor did American munitions factories receive such a preponderant share of these orders that they can be held primarily responsible. But the bankers and munitions makers did occupy highly strategic positions and worked together closely.

Rigid government control of munitions and of credit in time of war would, therefore, protect the country against an exact repetition of what happened in 1917, and for that reason we urge the Nye Committee to devote attention to both these bottle-necks. The connection of Sir Basil Zaharoff with the Chase Bank and the activities of the House of Morgan in purchasing munitions for the Allied Powers during the War bring the bankers as well as the munitions makers within the

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proper sphere of the investigation. They should be inspected and questioned as closely as the Du Ponts, Electric Boat, or Curtiss-Wright.

III

The future work of the Nye Committee thus falls into two parts, both of which are defined in the original Nye-Vandenberg Resolution that brought the Committee into existence. Section A authorizes and directs the Committee 'to investigate the activities of individuals, firms, associations, and of all other agencies in the United States engaged in the manufacture, sale, distribution, import, or export of arms, munitions, or other implements of war.' Here is the clearest possible summons to the Committee to investigate all bankers who have helped to sell, distribute, import, or export munitions. But, even if the Committee should do as good a job on the armament financiers during December as it did on the armament makers during September, it would still face three more tasks. For the original resolution not only authorizes an investigation in the words already quoted, it also directs the Committee to investigate existing legislation, to review the findings of the War Policies Commission, to inquire into the desirability of establishing a government monopoly of munitions manufacture, and to submit recommendations and reports on all three of these subjects.

Now a Senate Committee possesses neither the time nor the specialized knowledge to pass on these matters. Senator Nye has therefore very properly confined himself to the task of investigation outlined in Section A of the resolution and has uncovered a state of affairs that invites comparison between the bootlegging industry of a few years ago and the arms industry of to-day. The gun-runners, however, enjoy greater immunity than the rum-runners did in the Prohibition era, although the methods, morals, and merchandise of a Du Pont are, if anything, more harmful to society at large than those of a Capone.

Fourteen years of Prohibition finally compelled the American Government to subject the manufacture, distribution, and sale of intoxicating liquors to Federal, State, and municipal control. The disclosures of the Nye Committee have now revealed a new gang of 'public enemies' resorting to bribery and corruption on an international scale and threatening not this country only but the world at large with something a good deal more dangerous than synthetic gin. Society would therefore appear justified in taking measures to protect itself: indeed, if it does nothing in the face of what it has learned, it deserves whatever accidents may befall.

Control of the arms industry involves many more difficulties than control of the liquor industry. Whereas the liquor traffic leads a more or less independent existence, the arms traffic has connections with the army and navy, on the one hand, and with peacetime industries, on the other. It therefore presents several problems of a highly technical nature. Only military and naval experts can tell us what the maximum wartime requirements of the country may be, and only trained engineers can tell us what equipment would be needed to supply them. Already some naval vessels are built

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in government-owned shipyards. Would it not be possible for the Government to take over enough additional shipyards so that Mr. Eugene Grace and his friends will not find it worth their while to pay another Mr. Shearer to 'observe' another naval conference? Even under the rugged rule of Mr. Hoover the Reconstruction Finance Corporation advanced some $80,000,000 to save Mr. Dawes's bank in Chicago. Would not Congress be justified in appropriating a fraction of that amount to remove the Electric Boat Company from the hands of private individuals who admit that much of their business is based on graft?

To investigate existing legislation, to review the findings of the War Policies Commission, and to inquire into the desirability of a government monopoly of the munitions industry as specified in Sections B, C, and D of the Nye-Vandenberg Resolution would demand military, naval, technical, legal, and financial advice of the highest order. A continuation of our comparison between the arms makers and the bootleggers therefore leads us to suggest that the President appoint a board of experts with a technical knowledge of defense problems comparable to the Wickersham Committee's technical knowledge of Prohibition problems. Since Mr. Roosevelt has declared himself heartily in favor of the investigation,—he has never referred to the private traffic in arms as a 'noble experiment,'—he could be counted on not only to set up a trustworthy commission in consultation with the men responsible for the Nye investigation but also to follow through more vigorously and more consistently than Mr. Hoover did in the case of the Wickersham Report.

Let the Nye Committee, then, consider taking these two steps. First, to concentrate its attention on the financial side of the munitions industry with a view to considering an embargo on the extension of private credit to any nation engaged in war. Second, to recommend that the President appoint a commission of experts in military and naval defense, in industrial engineering, in law, finance, and government as well as at least one senator. This commission should continue the work of investigation that the Nye Committee has begun, submit recommendations to Congress, and, above all, conduct regular public hearings.

IV

On this point there must be no compromise. It was publicity that brought about the investigation in the first place. It was public hearings that have made further progress possible. Many industrialists and bankers, many high officials in military, naval, and diplomatic circles knew about and even participated in the scandals that have just been disclosed. Yet they were either unable or unwilling to correct these abuses. Only widespread publicity can turn the trick, and that publicity must be continued at all costs. Unless the Nye Committee's recommendations include full public hearings at least every six months and full published reports, its work will yield nothing. Publicity has exposed the men in whose power it lies to clean up the traffic in arms, and it is more publicity that these men fear above all else. They have attempted to ridicule

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and scuttle the public hearings from the start. They will fight them to the end. The very men who advocate soft-pedaling the investigation are the best arguments for spreading its findings the length and breadth of the land.

To accomplish this task a new appropriation will be necessary, but the information already revealed, the promise of more information to come, and the prospect of competent recommendations when the job is finished are well worth a moderate price. After all, it is going to cost about a billion dollars to put through the Vinson Naval Bill; one half of one per cent of that amount would more than pay for an equivalent of the Wickersham Report on the arms industry. Indeed, the very prospect of such a report might well frighten the arms makers into cutting some of their prices and saving the Government more than the report would cost. On grounds of economy alone the work of the Nye Committee should be continued and expanded.

Before the investigation began, Senator Nye suggested that a 98 per cent tax on wartime profits might prove a deterrent to war. By the same token, a 98 per cent tax on peacetime profits might also prove a deterrent to the competitive system that helps to breed war. But, so long as we live in a competitive society, a 98 per cent tax on wartime profits and a 98 per cent tax on peacetime profits are equally remote. Supporters of the investigation should not, therefore, cherish extravagant hopes or believe that government control of munitions and credit, even if it could be enforced, would eliminate war. The supreme virtue of the investigation is that it has helped countless millions of Americans to gain a slightly clearer knowledge of the world in which they live in time of peace as well as in time of war. The longer the investigation continues, the further this knowledge will spread. We have therefore suggested two steps, both within the range of practical politics, that may spike a few of the guns of war and at the same time continue an investigation that has already proved one of the greatest popular educators of our time.

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Meet the leading statesmen of Rumania, Austria, and Poland, introduced by a German émigré with liberal sympathies.

THREE Ruritanians

By WALDEMAR GRIMM

Translated from the *Neue Weltbühne*
Prague German-Émigré Weekly

I. TITULESCU OF RUMANIA

TO-DAY a Minister, to-morrow out of office: that has been his history for almost twenty years. At the age of twenty-nine Titulescu began his career as a deputy in the Rumania of King Carol I and Carmen Sylva, his languishing queen. The uniforms were Prussian. But what else was? The national income found its way into the pockets of the Ministers. They squandered in the bordellos of Bucharest what had been squeezed out of the peasants. The national boundaries changed almost every year.

Titulescu had become a doctor of law in the Sorbonne at the age of twenty-two and a year later was made professor of civil law in the University of Jassy. He was a tall, gangling fellow, a Mongolian type, but with the blood of Wallachian peasants in his veins. As an earnest student, Titulescu dreamed of the old empire of Dacia, though he lived in the stinking corruption of Bucharest. To win the country back for its oppressed inhabitants and to make Rumania a European Power, that was a task.

Then he became a deputy. The voice of this young man of twenty-nine resounded loudly from the speaker's tribune in the Chamber. The people listened and asked themselves whether a man had at last appeared to fight their battles. The party bosses had to watch him, for the young people supported him. At the age of thirty-four he received a cabinet post hitherto reserved for the wire-pullers, and, as Finance Minister,

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Titulescu took the unheard-of course of depositing all the national income in the national treasury and demanding punctual payment of taxes, even from the noblest people in the land. They did not care for him.

Every speech he made in the Chamber was a sensation. Always he watched Europe. In the World War he championed the Allied cause. Rumania was occupied, but finally Titulescu came out on top. The counter-attack succeeded. The Balkan front of the Central Powers collapsed. Nicolas Titulescu, who had held several cabinet positions by this time, represented Rumania at the peace negotiations. Already he was helping to make world history. At this point he also became active in high politics. With Beneš and the subsequently murdered Duca he made the Little Entente a firm pillar in the French system of alliances. His policy had chosen its course. Rumania now had friends and allies on almost all the frontiers. There were Poland to the north and Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia to the west. Only the eastern frontier caused worry, for Bessarabia had been seized from the neighboring Russians by a *coup de main*. From London, which Titulescu had chosen as his place of residence, he directed Bucharest's foreign policy. The London embassy became the real Rumanian foreign office. Titulescu also served as Rumania's chief delegate to the League of Nations, of which he more than once occupied the presidency. Brătianu, who wanted strong men for his Cabinet, gave him the post of Foreign Minister.

Titulescu did not grow fat in idleness. He always had some mission to perform and constantly harried his opponents by threatening to resign office. In the international sphere, he stood on a par with Beneš when it came to untangling complicated situations and working out smooth compromises. He met Stresemann on his European ground, but always with a cool reserve, for Titulescu distrusts the German beer-drinking type.

II

Before he reached the age of fifty crusading zeal overcame him, and the young king who made him Prime Minister gave him more power than any other premier had ever enjoyed. But Titulescu failed as a crusader. He continued as Foreign Minister in the Cabinet of his successor but soon became too active, and friction developed between Bucharest and Paris. French foreign policy did not care for Titulescu, and Paris made threats insisting that he collaborate or break off completely. In any case, until he came to terms, the French refused to purchase any more Rumanian petroleum. Worse yet, the French closed their money market to Rumania and its lusty young king. The court then dispatched Titulescu to London for a while, yet even from that remote post he continued to assert himself by suddenly threatening to resign his London post. He prevented Rumania from signing a treaty of security with Litvinov at the last minute. England approved, but the Quai d'Orsay was annoyed. Titulescu returned as Foreign Minister and had to put through what he had blocked as an Ambassador.

Madame Lupescu does not enjoy Titulescu's good graces. This overpowering man, who disapproves of the king's amorous adventures, is not

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popular in her boudoir, and she has often scuttled his foreign policy. It is a case of the bedroom working against the front office. Finally, the king was ready to dismiss his determined Foreign Minister, but Titulescu carried too much weight throughout Europe. The court camarilla then became more unashamed than ever in its manipulations. Messages and large payments of money from Germany strengthened its courage. The danger of murder reached the royal anterooms. Carol's own secretary was a party to the plot as well as the head of the police and most of the army officers.

A willing ear listened to the plan to make Rumania a branch of the Third Reich by means of the Iron Guard. Duca, Titulescu's lifelong comrade, was put out of the way. Titulescu, who happened to be outside the line of fire, finally cleansed the royal palace by his own resignation, but the lesson he had taught went unheeded. Higher authority ordered Prime Minister Tătărescu not only to follow Titulescu's clear policy but to attempt to explore another foreign policy at the same time. The Polish Ambassador in Bucharest, who had kept in constant touch with Pilsudski and Hitler, sent back despairing messages. Titulescu, who prayed morning and night for 'peaceful European accord,' was in the way. He had become 'superfluous.' Poland wanted to take Rumania in tow. The Polish Ambassador to Bucharest had already become a regular lord protector. Titulescu called on his colleague Beck in Geneva and asked him to recall this bumptious young man and supplant him with someone more alluring. The Polish Minister refused with a charming smile, for Poland had not yet lost Rumania. The alternative government continued to make progress. Irritated to the utmost, Titulescu lashed out. Will he prevail? Is he robbed of all energy at the age of fifty-one?

He belongs to no party. His peasant forbears have fought for their lives against thieves and wolves. Their descendant has never forgotten the condition to which barbaric hordes reduced his home.

II. Schuschnigg of Austria

THE Benjamin of the European premiers with his thirty-seven years is a real member of the 'front-line generation.' And here is another of his references: he is the son of a general of old Austria. What has been the course of his life?

Kurt did not dwell long in his father's house in Riva on the shores of the cobalt-blue Lake of Garda. The General, a member of the noble von Schuschnigg family, served the fatherland loyally. This meant that he brought up his son as a devout Catholic and inculcated in him reverence for the old Austrian conception of life. The boy's education was taken over at the age of six by the Jesuits, and the child was formed into an Austrian man in the Feldkirchner Gymnasium of Stella Matutina. His horizon was narrow. It included only

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Rome and Vienna. The child learned that the trinity of the Holy Father, the Apostolic Emperor, and Austria was fixed for all time.

Kurt von Schuschnigg was a brilliant scholar, and his mind was impregnated from the start with Jesuit doctrine. At the age of eighteen he had the opportunity to risk his life for the gold-and-yellow ideal of eternity. He spent three years at the front and a few days before the end of the War was captured by the victorious Italians. Not until the autumn of 1919 did the War end so far as he was concerned. His father proudly viewed his chest, on which all the Austrian war medals were displayed.

In Innsbruck young Schuschnigg became a much sought-after lawyer. He had good connections, which ran from the old Austria to the new. The reaction armed and organized itself. A popular Catholic association was formed in the Tyrol, and Schuschnigg naturally became its leader. It assimilated one Christian-Socialist organization after another until it reached the point of forming storm detachments in the eastern Austrian provinces and an armed home guard in the Tyrol, with Schuschnigg always on hand.

He attracted the attention of the most powerful man in Austria, Seipel, the prelate with the cold eye of a snake. In 1927, Schuschnigg was elected to the National Assembly. Whoever enjoyed Seipel's favor did not need to worry about his future. The Black Eminence saw to it that the young deputy was admitted to the legal committee of parliament, for the constitution was being 'revised' and Fascist elements introduced. Schuschnigg delivered a report on this matter to the committee. He saw to it that the shortsighted deputies amputated the constitution.

As head of the storm troops in the eastern provinces, as the leader of many armed men, Schuschnigg felt more and more obsessed by the holy mission to become one of the saviors of Austria. But there were still a few men ahead of him. Schuschnigg needed time. In 1932, the first 'breakthrough' occurred. Buresch, one of the many ciphers who held the chancellorship, made him Minister of Justice. Dollfuss belonged to the same Cabinet, modestly occupying the post of Agricultural Minister. He had no real power and was tolerated only because he had certain connections with the peasantry.

II

Schuschnigg administered the Department of Justice as his old-fashioned Austrian heart desired. Already the leaders were fearing a collapse, and it seemed that Schuschnigg's day was about to dawn. Little Dollfuss, however, came forward unexpectedly. He was an older man and had attracted the attention of President Miklas, but Chancellor Dollfuss needed the support of Schuschnigg's peasants. He had to take his competitor into his cabinet as Minister of Justice.

Behind Dollfuss stood Schuschnigg. The smaller of the two men presently established excellent connections in Europe; the other, however, had more guns at his disposal for use in civil war. Of course, Schuschnigg opposed Hitler, for it is one of the traditions of old Austria to hate Prussia. But the young Austrian modeled his phrases and gestures on Hitler's. Whereas the brown-shirted Leader spoke of the

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Third Reich and Germany, his zealous pupil spoke of Austria. Schuschnigg naturally wanted to shatter the Jewish influence and advocated 'Austria for the Austrians.' What was his programme? To bring old traditions to bear on the new problems.

Starhemberg and Fey, whose loyalty could not be trusted from one week to the next, wavered in their support of Chancellor Dollfuss, who needed Schuschnigg's backing and therefore allowed him to carry more and more weight in the cabinet. In addition to being Minister of Justice, he was also made Minister of Education, and the instruction of all the young people of Austria was put in his hands. He entered into a holy alliance with the Vatican. It was Schuschnigg's doing that the devout Cardinal Innitzer gave the silent approval of the Holy Father to everything that the Dollfuss crowd did. As a devout Catholic Aryan, Schuschnigg attended the earliest morning services in the churches of Rome while the Concordat was being worked out and thus won the complete confidence of the Vatican.

What was his purpose? Anyone who has an imperial Austrian general for his father and who attended a Jesuit school and believes in monarchy wants to make Austria what it used to be. That is the programme of the Salzburg secret society known as *Kreuz und Adler* (Cross and Nobility), of which Schuschnigg is the anonymous supporter. This organization wants to unite Austria and Bavaria and then establish a golden crown to rule over this new East-German Reich. For the Austrian monarchists know that they are isolated and therefore seek the friendship of the German monarchists. But would any understanding with present-day Germany be possible so long as Hitler's supporters stand in the way? Secret messengers might be able to bring some information on this score. Starhemberg's Heimwehr therefore distrusts the honorable Schuschnigg. They installed one of their own supporters as Foreign Minister to spy on him and lead him by the nose, for another drive is being directed against the competition of the Nazis.

It is said that Schuschnigg is the best educated of his colleagues. In the privacy of his home he takes refuge in the intellectual sphere and is able to rise above everyday politics. He admires German genius, he loves Faust and the fist equally.

III. Beck of Poland

He regards Hitler's career with more sympathy than he does the strictly democratic career of a Louis Barthou. But he has chosen neither the Frenchman nor the German as his model. His real god is Pilsudski, Poland's grand old man who emerged from nothing at all with a bold violent stroke.

Josef Beck is now forty years old. He comes from a modest family of officials, who lived in the dull province of Galicia. He was destined for export to Vienna, but, when he went

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to school in Cracow, he became a fiery Polish nationalist, hoping for miracles, especially that the Hapsburgs should be thrown out of his native land. The miracle happened. The War destroyed the Dual Monarchy. The Socialist Pilsudski called upon all men who spoke the Polish language and were capable of bearing arms to form a legion with him and fight for an independent Polish state. The fight, however, was not waged against the Hapsburgs but against the Tsar. The twenty-year-old Beck took part. He was a dauntless soldier who fought bravely with his battery of field artillery, always keeping his eye on Pilsudski, to whom he felt he owed all his loyalty.

When the Polish cannon fodder was on the point of being swindled, Pilsudski announced that the nation of Poland would not permit any Prussian prince to lie in the bed where kings had slept. He withdrew his legion from the front and attacked other tasks. Beck, as an officer in the legion, was put in command of an organization that was to win over greater Ukraine as part of an independent greater Poland.

Beck helped to build the state's general staff. Everything was still in a state of confusion, and an agile man had no difficulty climbing the military ladder rapidly. As an expert at military diplomacy, Beck was put in charge of the peace negotiations in Paris, but Generalissimo Foch did not care for this young Pole. He had him watched and discovered that it would be just as well to have the leader and attaché of the Polish embassy removed from Paris. One gesture from Foch, and the Prefect of Paris discovered that this very ambitious Polish captain was maintaining much too intimate relations with Germany. A few weeks later, in 1920, the Polish-Russian War gave Captain Beck the opportunity he had wanted. First as battery commander and then as member of the general staff, he attracted the eye of the almighty Pilsudski.

II

He had accomplished his purpose and became Pilsudski's favorite. He was sent abroad to educate himself and to spy on behalf of Poland. In 1924 he was recalled from his post as military attaché. The situation in Warsaw had changed somewhat. Pilsudski was holding back, muttering threats, waiting for the moment to smash down everything that blocked his own path to complete power. Beck also ceased his demagogic fulminations because dictatorial power was not handed on a platter to the man he worshiped. The bitterness of his retirement, however, was somewhat mitigated by his promotion to the rank of colonel. Beck then became Pilsudski's shadow. He could be discovered every hour of the day in the company of the inaccessible Field Marshal, watching his every move, listening to every word. When the old man moved to seize complete power, Beck became his eyes and ears. He served as chief of staff to the General, and it was he who seized Warsaw for Pilsudski by force of arms.

From this moment on an unknown officer who had served at the front occupied the second most important post in the state. As head of his leader's Cabinet or as Vice Minister, he was the contact man between Pilsudski and the outer world. During

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months of anxiety he was the only man permitted to enter Pilsudski's sick room, the only one who always held the confidence of that great skeptic. In 1932 he superseded the cautious, undecided, and timid Zaleski as Foreign Minister. Before that, however, he had received and carried out Pilsudski's orders as an under-secretary.

Josef Beck is the most important man in the 'Government of Colonels' that commands the Polish State today. He stands on watch in the anteroom of the demigod who sits enthroned in clouds in the Belvedere Palace of Warsaw and whose eyes flash lightning on the people, on his collaborators, on all that surrounds him. This Beck is the only man he loves, but he does not spare him on that account. The choleric Marshal swears at his Minister as he would at the stupidest recruit from Ruthenia, and the Colonel takes it. For he lives on the very air that the demigod Pilsudski breathes upon him.

When Beck became Foreign Minister, he was assigned the task of making Poland a Great Power. The country lacked the inner strength to assume that position, and therefore he had to try to win it by manœuvring and keeping as many balls in the air as possible. He made eyes at his French protector and loyally signed a non-aggression pact with his Russian neighbor. But at that point he wanted to turn the hostility between Paris and Berlin to his advantage. At Geneva he asked Paul-Boncour what France would pay for Poland's support on the disarmament question. When the Frenchman coldly shrugged his shoulders, Beck laid down a three-day ultimatum. It accomplished nothing, and now he has turned to Hitler, who only yesterday was his sworn enemy. Even the Quai d'Orsay is gradually coming to understand who kept the German Foreign Office so accurately informed about the negotiations that were going on between friends in the office of the French Foreign Minister. A little later another small matter became known, and by this time it caused no surprise. M. Beck attacked his French ally in the presence of Mussolini and the German ambassador so bitterly that even the Duce took exception to his tone.

Favorites of the dictator dare to do anything. In Poland colonels occupy all the positions that control the country. Millions of peasants must obey. They do not love Germany and despise National Socialism. But Pilsudski has ordered friendship with Germany, and Colonel Beck is executing his command. Everything is very simple in military barracks. Politics become a soldierly affair.

Has Josef Beck really broken away from his close political and military alliance with France? Was he acting honorably early this year when he overwhelmed his visitor Barthou with politeness and accompanied him as far as the frontier to indicate his abiding friendship? Not at all. This bold officer in the Polish legion, who disarms every foe with his hospitality, is a Polish cavalier, careless and stupid. He has always been dispatched to elegant diplomatic salons when it was a question of taking someone prisoner. He tells everyone he meets whatever that individual wishes to hear, and it always takes some little time until his antagonist discovers what to expect from Colonel Beck.

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Persons and Personages

Names That Will Live

By Harold Laski

From the *Daily Herald*, London Labor Daily

It is, I think, almost five years since an invitation from my friend William Mellor led to the inception of the articles that have appeared here in practically unbroken succession every Saturday.

For the present, at any rate, I think it is time that they drew to their close. But, before they end, there are certain general reflections I should like to make, which arise from the subject-matter they have covered. They have dealt, I believe, with some two hundred and fifty people, men and women alike, whose work or position has brought them prominently before the public view. They have been every type of person. Royalty like the Prince of Wales; politicians like Mr. Lloyd George; writers like Mr. Bernard Shaw; a great sportsman in Mr. J. B. Hobbs; a great teacher in Mr. R. H. Tawney. They have been Englishmen, Americans, Europeans. How many of them, fifty years from now, will figure in the history of our time as figures of creative significance?

It is a difficult question to answer. Of the British politicians about whom I have written—Labor, Liberal, Conservative—I do not think there is one, with the possible exception of Mr. Lloyd George, who will live by reason of personal achievement. I have described able men, men of high character, men of brilliant promise. But I have described none, I think, of whom it can be decisively said that the history of this country would have been notably different if he had played no part in affairs. Possibly that is not the case with Mr. Lloyd George. I think it probable that his dynamic energy made a measurable difference to success in the War; I think his special defects shaped importantly the character of the peace. But I feel confident that all the others were rather mastered by the events amid which they moved than proved the masters of them. They might, say in an average Cabinet, have been replaced by a score of other men, but the history of our country would have been essentially the same.

That is not, I think, true of two Europeans and of one American. With all his grave limitations, Stalin has made a perceptible difference to the world. Far less great than Lenin, with nothing of Trotski's brilliance, he has achieved the immense task of consolidating a great revolution. I think it can be said of President Masaryk that he, by

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reason of the qualities of his personality, has made the history of Czechoslovakia in these fifteen years one of the few worthy things of our time. I am confident that the leadership of President Roosevelt has altered the perspective of American history. These three men have, as persons, the elements of true greatness about them.

I do not think this can be said of any statesman in post-war France or Germany or Italy. Briand had big perceptions, but he lacked will and energy and knowledge. Stresemann was a hopeful interlude, but no more. Hitler is remarkable rather by reason of the circumstances that made him possible than because of any qualities he possesses. Mussolini has merely shown that a man of strong will can, with force behind him, impose himself upon a disorganized people. Brüning, Herriot, Dollfuss, Tardieu have been rather the significant expressions of a mental climate than its makers.

Of the men of letters about whom I have written, two seem to me outstanding, Mr. Shaw has been to our age what Molière was to the France of the seventeenth century; without him, we should lack an essential clue to its understanding. The same thing, in a different way, is true of Mr. Wells. His perceptions, fragmentary and incomplete, have yet had about them the quality of the genuine seer. Without his work, our generation would not have known itself with anything like the same clarity. And what is true of them in the realm of letters is true of Einstein in the world of science. He embodies for us all a new attitude to life. He is symbolical of a mental revolution as profound in its way as the social revolution of Russia.

There are, to my way of thinking, no intelligences in our time comparable to these. There are men who have done brilliant work—Mr. Keynes in economics, the Hammonds in history, the Webbs in sociology, Sinclair Lewis in at least two novels. There has been fine representative work. But the thing that makes for a separate and individual chapter in the history of ideas seems to me confined pretty clearly to the three men I have named. We think differently because they thought differently.

There have, of course, been noble characters about whom it has been my privilege to write. To take only our own country, I cannot imagine the historian who will not emphasize the steadfastness of Mr. Henderson, the inspiration that the work of George Lansbury and Robert Smillie has been. I think, too, that he will pay a special tribute to the anonymous hero of 1926—the ordinary workingman who, without thought of self, came out on strike to defend the interest of the miners when he thought them unjustly attacked. Whatever one's doubts of that event, that was the kind of unselfish courage, the habit of tenacity, that shows the spirit of a class whose ultimate victory is certain.

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And no one looking at our epoch can write of courage without at least a passing word of homage to Dimitroff. He did what has been done by no other man in these years; he electrified the world. He had the bravery and the endurance to make the prisoner's dock a platform from which to address mankind. He embodied the claims of justice in the person of a single man.

I may end, perhaps, on a more personal note. Writing for the *Daily Herald* is not writing for an ordinary paper. It had a special significance for me because, in its early days, George Lansbury gave me my first job on its staff.

And there is one last thing it is worth while to say. If these articles have done nothing else, I hope they have brought home to the working class the realization of two things: first, that there is no short-cut to Utopia and that it will take all the thought and energy the working class can command to move forward to the socialist commonwealth; second, that it must achieve its own emancipation.

The working class has built great things—the trade-union movement, the coöperative movement, the Labor Party. It built them almost wholly unaided, by the light of its own experience of its own needs. The travail was a heavy one, the price in suffering immense. I am confident that it can build socialism in this country in our time if it has faith in its great traditions.

It has the power and the courage; it needs now thought and determination to bring them to final accomplishment.

Unamuno at Seventy

By Ernst Robert Curtius

Translated from the *Berliner Tageblatt*, Berlin National-Socialist Daily

THE fact that the seventieth birthday of Don Miguel de Unamuno is a matter of moment not only to Spain but to Europe reveals the profound change that has come over Spain's attitude toward Europe during the last generation. After an interval of almost two and a half centuries we again hear the voice of Spain raised in the intellectual chorus of nations.

Spain played a leading rôle on the stage of European history in the second half of the sixteenth century. Spanish culture and life forms affected the entire continent. They even remained when the nation itself underwent a series of catastrophes. Not until the end of the Thirty Years' War did Spanish cultural supremacy begin to weaken and succumb to the national and intellectual imperialism of France. Spain

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sank into the condition of the Sleeping Beauty. It was forgotten by Europe, and it forgot Europe.

In the last decade of the nineteenth century Spain again awoke to self-consciousness. At that time, however, Spain amounted to some four or five voices crying in the wilderness. The nation itself continued to slumber in a condition of involuntary inertia. Unamuno's first essays on Spanish character, such as *En Torno al Casticismo*, appeared in 1895. Ganivet's *Idearium Español* appeared in 1897, but it required the military catastrophe of 1898 to arouse an audience. It was then that Spain's general spiritual renaissance began, and it is still growing at full speed. Even the political crises that have shattered Spain since Primo de Rivera's dictatorship are symptoms of a national awakening and show that the growing pains continue and that the country has not yet assumed final shape but is manifesting its will to build a new future.

It was significant that Primo de Rivera unwillingly and unintentionally thrust the name of Unamuno into the bright light of world publicity. In March, 1924, he caused this man of almost sixty years to be sent to the rocky Canary Island of Fuerteventura. The world press sprang to his defense. Such intellectual antitheses as d'Annunzio and Romain Rolland joined in protest. Unamuno was then allowed to enter France. In Paris and afterwards in the little border town of Hendaye he awaited 'the day of liberation and justice.'

The revolution of 1931 opened the doors of his fatherland to him. His astringent, uncompromising personality held aloof and still holds him aloof from contemporary and party politics. Long before the War, he had compared the Spanish parliament to Master Pedro's marionette theatre, which Don Quixote hewed down. Nevertheless, Unamuno possesses an uncontested intellectual authority transcending politics. Spain honors and celebrates in him the awakener of its national forces, the representative of the Spanish spirit in two hemispheres.

Unamuno's work now runs back for more than forty years and consists of a single dramatic monologue charged with explosives. This form of exposition is the only one that suits him even in personal contacts. Anyone who has ever witnessed his white-haired head of fire dominating a whole company of people at table and bringing them to silence for hours knows that conversation with him and his philosophy is impossible. Speech pours from him like a roaring torrent. He does not need any foil, for he is his own counterpart. Philosopher and critic, prophet and poet, he does not entirely fill any one of these rôles. He himself constantly breaks out into all kinds of new forms in the dialectic of personal existence. A thinker who despises thought and ridicules science, a mystic who rages at church doctrine, a theologian who creates his own God, a foe of abstractions and systems, he preaches 'wholeness' when

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he confronts the limitations of his own subjective humanity. Man, the man of flesh and bone (*El hombre de carne y huesos*), man as a suffering creature, not as a metaphysical idea—that is the theme to which he constantly reverts. His figure recalls the mystical realism of Spanish wood-carving, in which the naturalism of hair and flesh, of blood and glistening tear-drops seems to increase the distance between the believer and the saint. And just as these manifestations of the cult of the Spanish baroque are infinitely remote from the classical art of the Italian renaissance, so Unamuno's cry to mankind is equally remote from all humanity and all humanism.

UNAMUNO'S many books of essays show how intensively he has worked over the cultural substance of the European countries, Germany not the least among them. In his early writings he advocated the popular theme of the Europeanizing of Spain. Ten years later, however, in spite of all his pilgrimages through the halls of modern European culture, he emerged, fundamentally, neither a modernist nor a European. The two things that modern culture valued most highly—science and life—repelled him. The real Europeanizing of Spain therefore came to mean that the country should inject its essential substance into the European community. It should not only receive, it should give. And he appeared with the paradoxical solution—the Hispanization of Europe.

Spain's holy mission is the heroic idealism of Don Quixote, which runs contrary to all reason. To define this mission anew to his people Unamuno wrote his *Vida de Don Quijote y Sancho* in 1906. He did not produce an essay on Cervantes based on scholarly research but detached the novel and its hero from the author and the epoch. Cervantes derived his hero from the genius of his people; Don Quixote overshadowed Cervantes. To Unamuno this character is the personification of his nation's religious consciousness. Thus Unamuno set forth on his holy crusade to rescue the grave of Don Quixote from the hands of pedagogues and parsons, from barbarians and barons, from characters that exist outside the novel of Cervantes and that have come into possession of everything. It was a crusade for the madness of belief against reason. With keen and often challenging violence, Unamuno transformed the profoundly ironic story into a legend of saints and saintliness. He invested it with all the energy that went into his chief work, *Del sentimiento trágico de la vida*, published in 1913, which flashes with the same lightning that illuminates the skies El Greco painted.

Unamuno's tragic philosophy, which includes elements from Kierkegaard and Nietzsche, is much closer to us in our present situation than it was to pre-war Europe, when it was first propounded by an individual who knew that he was threatened by his own impermanence, by misery

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and destiny. But now the thousand-year-old genius of Spain again suffuses this metaphysical wretchedness of existence with a glowing desire for eternity. Nihilism is not the last word, nor is sullen earthliness. Rather does the last word lie with the eternal, with the leap into what exists beyond time. Unamuno's humanity is devoured with a burning thirst for immortality. Reason must of necessity reject this violent demand. From rationalism living man can draw no other conclusion than suicide. What will remain? The tragic consciousness must be recognized and accepted. Then, on the basis of the consequent despair, a new consciousness will arise capable of controlling our life and acts. The sufferings caused by the contradictions of consciousness give birth to a love filled with mercy. It includes in its brotherly sweep all that is living, and in the mystery of pain it turns to the hidden god, 'the personification of the all,' 'the eternal unending consciousness of the world,' that has come to grips with matter, that is ringed about by matter, and that is trying to shake itself free.

Orthodox Christianity can see in such speculations only heretical philosophizing, and Unamuno, for his part, twists the dogma of the Church as powerfully as he warps the figure of Don Quixote. Yet he will not cast himself loose from the Catholic tradition and the piety of his country, for under its hard crust it retains the eternal human desire for immortality and it revolves around the passion of a suffering God. Both as a theologian and as a moralist, he walks on the razor edge between tradition and rebellion. He disillusions those who live on commonplaces, but to those who are looking for deliverance he seems destructive. As for the emancipated politicians and the educators of the people, they cannot reconcile his indomitable pride, determination, and solitude with their mission.

Unamuno has never wanted to identify himself with any social movement. His is the cry of the preacher in the desert, powerful, rugged, witty, disturbing, and dominating, torn between desire for the seventh solitude and the need to dance in front of the despised rabble in the market place. He stands before his people and his time, a great man with all his contradictions. As the poet Antonio Machado sang of him, he has aroused the soul of his race with an iron cudgel. 'He has the breath of a strong people, which poured out of their homesteads and sought for gold beyond the seas. He announces the glory that is beyond death.' He should not be called the *præceptor*, for he hates everything that has to do with pedagogics, but the *excitator Hispaniæ*.

'We Basques,' Unamuno said to me in Madrid, 'are the alkaloids of Spain.' According to the dictionary, alkaloids are a vegetable substance that have pronounced effects on the central nervous system. They include many strong poisons, yet they are valuable as medicines. Some

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kind of spiritual chemistry would be needed to explain this, but we know one thing—that powerful organisms gain new strength from such holy poisons and flourish. Only the weakling succumbs.

Prince Saionji

By Hakucho Masamune

Translated by the *Japan Advertiser*, Tokyo American-owned Daily, from *Chuo Koron*

On July 4, the world was informed that, on the recommendation of Prince Saionji, the Emperor of Japan had commanded Admiral Okada to form a new Cabinet. The Prince's recommendation, being quite contrary to every political speculation and prediction, surprised the public as much as did the appointment of Admiral Viscount Saito, the retiring Premier, whom Saionji had likewise recommended some two years ago. Apparently, this was a case of a dark horse, if not a rank outsider, winning the race. But Saionji's decision was not so strange as it had at first appeared to be, for the public soon realized that the Prince had chosen the right man as Viscount Saito's successor. Now, although my knowledge of and interest in modern Japanese politics are but scant, this incident made me feel that Prince Saionji must surely be a man much out of the common.

A fair number of biographies and biographical magazine articles have lately been appearing about Saionji, a fact that shows he has been attracting a great deal of public attention. Of these, I find the one by Mr. Yosaburo Takekoshi is the most interesting and inspiring. Yet, in my opinion, none of them are comparable to Emil Ludwig's biographies of Napoleon, of William II, or of Bismarck. How delightful it would be were some Japanese Ludwig to write the biographies, not only of Saionji, but also of other prominent statesmen that adorn the pages of modern Japanese history.

An acquaintance of mine recently said, 'Prince Saionji's unique judgment of persons is due perhaps to the fact that he never married.' When I heard this I felt my friend had said what I had long wanted to say but could not. Men are ever influenced by their immediate surroundings. Friends and elders and subordinates influence men, but they are most strongly influenced by their women folk. Love or hate influences your judgment and moulds your outlook upon life. In this respect there are no differences between great and small. If you do not concur in this opinion, you are not the person to succeed as a biographer. Women are excellent beings to men; they are to be admired and petted. However, at the same time, it is they who blunt the judgment of men.

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Japanese women, as a matter of fact, do not attempt to influence their men folk overmuch, but their strength is all the more to be feared because it works negatively and unwittingly. 'I am not the person to be influenced by my wife,' people say, but I don't and can't believe it.

I don't know whether it is true or not, but we are told that by the constitution of the Saionji family the master of the house, generation after generation, is forbidden to marry legally. Thinking this over, I am led to the conclusion that after all it is a good principle as far as it concerns the man's way of life. It is said that the head of the family is precluded from legal marriage because the goddess Benzaiten, who is the family deity, is jealous and does mischief otherwise. This is a good legend, which is worth thinking over. Although he has not married legally, it does not mean that he has ignored women all his life.

Dignity is popularly considered the keynote of Prince Saionji's life. Chomin Nakai, in his book, *One Year and a Half*, writes of the Prince as a man of wisdom, capable of seeing through everything, and therefore not inquisitive. He says that the Prince is cold inwardly and outwardly, and his coolness catches those about him.

Recently Prince Saionji printed an extract from his diary recording his observations while in Europe, mainly in Paris, and gave it to friends. At first he was indignant with European customs and manners, which he thought were degrading and beneath dignity. He wrote as much to his friends at home, adding that it was useless and of no benefit to go abroad, but later he came to love the life in Paris, tasting, in the words of Mr. Takekoshi, 'the life of the Parisian, of the sort that surprised even Parisians themselves, drinking both the cream and the dregs of life in the same breath.' His life in Paris perhaps was that of a young man from abroad who little felt his pocket money running short.

Perhaps one of the most remarkable traits in the character of Prince Saionji is the little use that he has for 'Bushido,' or the moral code of the Samurai, for we must remember that he is the descendant of an ancient court noble. 'Bushido' originated with the warrior class and was sedulously fostered by Iyeyasu, the founder of the Tokugawa Dynasty, in order to ensure the preservation of his family. So strong, indeed, was Iyeyasu's influence, that the 'warrior spirit' became firmly implanted in the minds of all the people. Practically all the literary men of the Tokugawa period, such as Chikamatsu, Bakin, and Basho, were brought up on the 'Bushido' doctrine. Even in the works of Ogai Mori, whom I unhesitatingly name as the most intelligent man of letters since the Restoration, the same 'warrior spirit' is reflected. But with Saionji it is not so. As already stated, he is a descendant of a court noble—he is of the Fujiwaras who, since the twelfth century, were constantly oppressed by the warrior class. He is of the class that dramatists and actors of the

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Tokugawa period chose as the butt of their ridicule. It is very natural that such treatment should render these court nobles not merely ill-disposed but actually antagonistic to the military administration; and this being so, they would, of course, shun the influence of 'Bushido.'

Strongly affected by such an ethos, Prince Saionji is naturally devoid of all that we understand by the word 'Bushido.' He lacks a fighting spirit; his character is made up of negatives. It is, therefore, extremely unlikely that he ever had the ambition to lead a new government, though the store of knowledge that he had acquired of western politics, manners, and customs might well have been utilized for that purpose. Ito and Inouye, two of the eminent Restoration statesmen, hurried back from England when they heard that the batteries of Shimonoseki had been attacked by foreign Powers; Saionji regarded the news of the Satsuma rebellion of 1877 with complete indifference.

Prince Saionji tasted the life at Paris, taking things as they came, enjoying his liberty to the full. In this connection it may be said that he never felt the need of struggle as the Samurai, whose very life was measured by his capacity to struggle. Other Japanese studying abroad were ambitious, but Prince Saionji never concerned himself about happenings at home. Perhaps he never thought of imposing his will upon others, everything he did was thrust upon him because of his exalted position. He published newspapers upon his return home, but there is reason to believe that he never took much initiative in these affairs. The same may be said about his doings in the political arena. He was the only person in the history of the Meiji Era who has risen to high position in spite of himself. His biographers agree upon this, but maybe it is their fault that the reader gets such an impression.

Picking from the biographies, I found two instances in which the Prince was supposed to have expressed his famous wisdom—one was his address delivered as Education Minister about fifty years ago before the gathering of the principals of government normal schools, in which he surprised conservative educational circles by declaring that the educational system must be improved with the progress of the times. The other occasion was shortly after the conclusion of the Portsmouth Peace Treaty, when he advocated the hotly-denounced treaty as inevitable and urged the nation in a public speech to accept it as it was and devote themselves to the reconstruction work of the post-war period.

The Prince had occasion to find himself in conflict with other elements, sometimes with the militarist clique, the Satsuma-Choshu coalition, the bureaucrats, and at other times the mass of the people. Whenever he came into conflict with adverse powers, he evaded the issue. Yet, as the centre of a big drama, it is quite possible that the public sees in his passive actions a criticism of the present times.

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The most strategic port in the world to-day is discussed by an Australian editor and a French visitor, who foresees an English compromise to Japan.

Singapore, Key *to the* Orient

TWO ORIENTAL DISPATCHES

I. THE SINGAPORE BASE

By AN AUSTRALIAN EDITOR

Reprinted by the *World* (London Independent Eclectic Monthly) from the *Church Times* of Sydney, Australia

JAPAN, feeling herself the strongest Power in the Orient, has warned the other nations of the world that they must keep their 'hands off China.' But the Far East to-day is the concern of many nations—France, Germany, Holland, the United States, and, above all, Britain.

The interests of Britain are obvious. Apart from the necessity of defending the great Empire of India, there are also the Malay States, with their valuable rubber plantations, our commercial interests in China, and the route to Australia, which, in view of the new Imperial Airways service, will soon be as important as the route to India was considered in the past generation. In those days, Egypt and the Suez Canal were considered the points of important strategy. But now that world affairs and intensive commercial development have moved farther east, Singapore has become of greater strategic importance. To-day Singapore harbor might be claimed to be the Gibraltar of the Far East.

It is an ideal position either in peace or wartime. It is a valuable port for our merchant ships in the east, and in wartime would be an ideal base where ships could be supplied and repaired under cover of adequate land defenses. Before the

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World War, Britain needed no base in the east. Under the terms of the Anglo-Japanese alliance, the Japanese navy agreed to protect British maritime trade moving everywhere east of Suez. And during the War, Japanese destroyers played a valuable part by policing the seas. But now that the treaty has not been renewed, there is no obligation upon Japan to protect British interests. And another war, even if we were not involved, might menace our entire eastern possessions unless our navy had some strategic spot to use as a base in the protection of British interests. Hence the decision to make Singapore a naval base. It is an ideal position. Singapore is the only passage through a wall of rock that separates the Pacific Ocean from the Indian Ocean. Traffic between the two oceans must pass through Singapore. Nor is that all. Nature has made the position even more secure by the fact that the approach is guarded by treacherous, dangerous currents and channels. No ship can pass through the channel without a pilot. The secrets of these currents are closely guarded. Only British-born men are allowed to become pilots. They hold the key to the position. A ship trying to force its way through the channel without one of these men aboard would soon be smashed to pieces. In strengthening its strategic position, every possible use has been made of the advantages provided by nature. The base is tucked away in the sheltered Straits of Johore, which is 15 miles northward from the port of Singapore.

Behind barbed-wire entanglements thousands of Chinese coolies are building huge breakwaters, wharves, and docks. Steam shovels, automatic excavators, concrete mixers, and pile drivers are reshaping the landscape. Quays over a mile long and capable of berthing the largest ships afloat have already been completed. Opening off these granite-faced wharves is one of the widest graving docks in the world, measuring 130 feet wide, 40 feet deep, and 1,000 feet long. Not far away another basin, 1,500 feet long and fronting on the main channel, has been constructed, while gauntries, moving cranes, workshops, administrative buildings, living quarters, and all the appurtenances of the most modern dockyard have transformed the virgin jungle into a hive of industry. Off-shore dredgers clank and rumble, tugs puff fussily about, and the largest floating dock in the world is moored in mid-channel. This dock was built in sections in England, which were towed out to Seletar and there joined together.

The entrance to the Straits is commanded by Cape Changi, and a group of islands, and it is rumored that the best land fortifications in the world are being built on these islands to protect the base. Gun emplacements are being constructed under cover of nature's tangled growth by men sent out specially from England. Along the coast, great searchlights have been placed in position so that their powerful beams can turn night into day. These defenses will make the island of Singapore one of the world's greatest ocean strongholds.

But the transformation is being watched with special interest by foreign Powers. Many foreigners have tried to acquire rubber plantations near the base. But, by a curious coincidence, any estate falling vacant is immediately snapped up by a British

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planter. Nevertheless, the Germans have managed to secure certain information about the defenses at Singapore. This was published in a German service magazine, though it is impossible to determine its accuracy. The Germans claim that three 18-inch guns, the heaviest in the world, are mounted at Changi. Each of them is over 59 feet long, weighs 150 tons, and fires a projectile of more than 3,300 pounds.

A new wireless station is now in working order and maintains direct communication with the Admiralty in Whitehall. The fuel-oil depot contains 1,250,000 tons, sufficient to supply the needs of a large fleet for six months. As a naval position, Singapore is almost impregnable. But wars are no longer won by sea battles alone. The air plays its part. And aviation has not been neglected at Singapore. At Geylang, about 2 miles from the heart of the city of Singapore, a magnificent civil aërodrome has been constructed at a cost of nearly £1,000,000. It has a circular landing ground 1,000 yards in diameter, enclosed within a protective belt 200 yards wide, free from trees and buildings. The administrative offices, hangars, and control buildings are outside this area, and the landing ground is accessible from the sea, thus enabling it to be used for land and seaplanes alike. This aërodrome forms one of the most important links in the projected air route to Australia, and it already has a regular service with India to the northwest and Java to the south.

Not content with these facilities, the authorities are now completing a military aërodrome, about five miles east of the Admiralty base and between it and the military establishment at Changi. This great defense scheme has not been built without a great deal of trouble. The idea was evolved in 1920, when the attitude of the Dominions at the Imperial Conference forbade a renewal of the Anglo-Japanese alliance. The scheme was publicly announced in 1921 and was well received abroad—except by Japan. The other big nations regarded it as a potential check upon Japanese expansionist ambitions. Since then, there have been frequent official announcements regarding the base. The first Labor Government announced in 1924 that the whole plan was to be dropped because any such undertaking in the Orient was an obstacle to its foreign policy. When a new government came into power, building began again. In the summer of 1928 the great floating drydock, 850 feet long, was towed from the Tyne to Singapore, and the building was so far advanced that its supporters believed the project had passed the point from which the nation could draw back. They were wrong. In 1930 a new government again announced that the whole plan was scrapped. A few months later, just after the Disarmament Conference had opened at Geneva in an atmosphere of gloom and doubt and Japanese activities in Manchuria were again causing alarm, Whitehall made another announcement. The base would be completed.

II

The Japanese have watched these changes of policy in the last thirteen years with anxiety. When it was announced the scheme would go on, they were depressed. At each abandonment they were jubilant. Now,

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however, there are rumors that Japan is preparing to finance the building of a ship canal across the Isthmus of Kra, the narrow strip of land in southern Burma, which lies some 600 miles north of Singapore. Such a project would undoubtedly be a menace to Singapore, but it would be a menace rather to the commercial importance of the port than to the great base that is now almost completed, for, instead of the canal commanding the Singapore base, that base would command the canal. The rumor has since been denied, and it was indeed scarcely credible, since no nation is likely to undertake a project so far removed from its own bases, where it has no territorial rights and where its approaches are dominated by an important base of another Power.

Whether the world remains at peace or goes to war, Singapore remains the strategic point of our eastern policy. It also reassures the Australians and New Zealanders, who feel that its establishment strengthens their position in the Pacific. It is ironical that 120 years ago, when the Malay States had been made British territory by Sir Thomas Raffles, the Government wanted to give it away as a useless piece of territory. He was lieutenant-governor of Java, our most priceless possession in the Malay Straits. Almost single-handed he had made the peninsula British. The Government could not see its value. The island was sold to the Dutch.

Five years later the politicians realized their mistake. They saw they had given away our only trade or sea-power base in the most vital area of the East. They decided to find another base. Raffles was asked to get a foothold in the Malay Straits. At once he set sail for Singapore. The politicians changed their minds again. They sent a letter recalling him. Raffles ignored it. Within six weeks he had planted the Union Jack in Singapore and negotiated a treaty with the Sultan of Johore. The Dutch were furious. They protested to the Foreign Office. The latter protested, too. For some unaccountable reason the department responsible for India objected also.

But Raffles refused to give up Singapore. He fought the Government and eventually won. To-day a statue of him in Westminster Abbey commemorates his service to the Empire.

II. The Struggle for Singapore

By Marc Chadourne

Translated from the *Neue Freie Presse*, Vienna Liberal Daily

NOON. Raffles Place, which is the only white square in Singapore. For the Chinese quarter, with its canals full of junks and sampans, is reddish brown or smoky gray, and the Arabian, Malayan, and Hindustani streets have dove-gray, rose, and ochre-yellow houses, and their oval windows are a poisonous green color. Above all else, however, the moisture of the climate lays its mark on everything. A disease that affects all the walls has not spared even the European structures, including the cathe-

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dral, which is a copy of Westminster Abbey, and the low roof of the Raffles Hotel. But on Raffles Place the banks shine like new dollars.

For this square, named for the founder of the free port of Singapore, Sir Thomas Raffles, is given over entirely to banks. Five are English, five Chinese, two Dutch, one French, and one American.

'What do people buy in this market?' I ask my guide, the director of an Indo-Chinese bank.

'Everything,' he replies. 'Dollars, pounds, silk, rupees, land, copra, tin, and rubber—are all in demand. Yen and cotton goods are also handled.'

'Japanese?'

'Naturally. Ninety-nine million yards last year.'

'How about British textiles?'

'Scarcely a quarter as much. Only twenty-five million yards in the past year, representing a value of five million Singapore dollars. The volume of Japanese goods was four times as much. And don't forget this fact, for it tells the whole story—the Japanese goods cost only nine million dollars in the same currency.'

'That means that they are sold at about half the price that the English goods fetch?'

'Approximately. Until a few years ago English cotton textiles dominated markets in which the Japanese to-day are selling goods of the same quality, if not a little better, at half the price. Would you like to see their offensive in action? Come with me to Arab Street, where you can also observe the counter-attack.'

Indian, Malayan, and Chinese streets—three-quarters of the inhabitants of Sir Thomas Raffles's city are Chinese—make up the business district of Singapore. The stores are jammed one beside the other along the sidewalk and under the arcades. The visitor feels that he is in a textile bazaar.

Arab Street is the most important of them all. The textiles with embroidered and painted designs on them lie in brilliant piles. There are beautifully colored muslins and veils such as the Hindu ladies wear, Scottish sarongs, which the Malayans put on over their white breeches, imitation batik in all the colors used in Java and Sumatra: these are what the Malayan and even the Chinese women who live in the Straits Settlements prefer. There are snow-white calicoes, against which the noble profiles and slender limbs of the Hindus stand out in dark contrast. Foulards and silks shimmer in the dim background of the shops. Every color from India, Arabia, China, and the Mediterranean charms the eye, and the fairy-like scene is emphasized still further by the movable semaphores, like the wings of dragon-flies, that the native police wear on their shoulders to regulate traffic.

II

We meet a merchant. He may be an Indian, an Arab, or a Eurasian. The racial mixture on Arab Street is even greater than the variety of goods offered for sale.

'Not expensive, not expensive,' he keeps repeating. 'Take, O sir, this beautiful crêpe georgette, a dollar a yard.'

A Singapore dollar is three shillings, and you can bargain for a still lower price.

'Japanese silk, is n't it?'

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'Yes, sir. Japanese. All our silks are Japanese.'

An elegant lady beside us is buying everything she can. 'It is just like this in every port,' my guide explains. 'People who are returning to Europe come here in crowds. They find the newest styles, the most modern color combinations. Within a few weeks the Japanese are copying the latest models from Lyons. But now have a look at the cotton goods.'

At our bidding the merchant brings forward printed cotton textiles from England and Japan to compare them. 'The same quality,' says the merchant. 'Perhaps the English fabric is a little stronger, but it costs about twenty cents more a yard.'

That is just about twice as much. And the Japanese colors are brighter and more in accord with the taste of the natives. Need one ask which outsells the other?

'Now remember that Singapore serves not only the whole Malayan Archipelago but Siam, Borneo, and the Celebes. From here goods are exported to the British and Dutch East Indies and to South China. You can imagine what a market England and Europe are about to lose.'

I can imagine it all the better because of what I have already seen in Shanghai and Hong-Kong. And I expect to see still more in Bangkok, Rangoon, and Calcutta. The flood of Japanese goods is overflowing the market; English cotton textiles and silk from Lyons are becoming impossible to sell because of the superior quality and lower price of Japanese goods. One can see in the big bazaars and shops that cheap German goods have been completely overwhelmed. Who can put up an effective struggle? The conquest of Asia by European and above all by English goods was the great achievement of the nineteenth century. Markets changed, and with them the power of different nations. But our countries see only their domestic difficulties and fail to observe the symptoms on which the fate of the world depends. The little Japanese working girls in Osaka receive sixty cents a day for ten hours of work.

III

I ask my guide, 'Did n't you say something about a counter-attack?'

'Yes, the Colonial Office in London has yielded to the pressure of the Lancashire cotton spinners and has insisted on setting a quota on all non-English goods that Singapore imports. The Government of the Straits Settlements has just taken its orders from the Colonial Office; the amounts of cotton goods and artificial silk that do not come from England are to be limited. Japan will be allowed to export to Singapore this year only 28 per cent of what it has shipped up to now. You can see from here what the result will be.'

'On the Japanese?'

'On the Japanese and on the Singapore merchants. Do you know who is protesting most loudly against the quota? The English, my dear sir. The English middlemen who already see their port and their warehouses ruined —ruined by the very bill that the Lancashire cotton industry advocates. Do you understand?'

'It's difficult.'

'Good. Then let us go to Mansfield, the biggest export-import house here and you will understand this paradox.'

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Of all the big business establishments that overlook the islands and the archipelago Mansfield possesses the most imposing marble and granite façade. Mansfield imports and exports keep many steamship companies and many agents busy. It is one of the British pillars, and Singapore possesses several pillars of the same character. Many business establishments proudly display on their verandas the old copper telescope through which merchants of the nineteenth century would look once a year for the armada of junks that had departed from the Malayan Archipelago twelve months before, carrying cargoes of spice.

One of the directors of Mansfield said to me, 'Singapore was founded by Sir Thomas Raffles as a free port to facilitate exchange between East and West. For more than a century Singapore has been importing and distributing the natural products of the Chinese Malayan Seas. These products were for the most part exchanged for cotton goods. The prosperity of our port and our house stands on this exchange and this transportation. Do you want to know why we English merchants are against the quota that London has established? Look here. By limiting the imports of non-English goods, the structure that Sir Thomas Raffles built will be undermined, and Singapore will be ruined.'

After a pause he added with surprising fair-mindedness, 'At present prices, English cotton goods cannot compete with the Japanese. The purchasers are poor and want what is cheap, and the Japanese goods are suited to their taste. Do you know what will happen? The merchants from Borneo and the Celebes, from South China and Java will abandon Singapore and bring their goods elsewhere for exchange. Their ships will seek out the ports in which they can exchange their goods freely with Japanese cotton textiles, as, for instance, Siam, Bangkok, or the free ports of China.' While he was talking to me with such open frankness, the Englishman's blue eyes rested on the bright display that the numerous ships presented in front of his window.

'At least,' I said, 'English goods will be able to dominate the Malayan market thanks to the quota.'

'Not at all,' said the Mansfield director. 'They are too expensive for the Malayans. Indian goods and the manufacturers of Bombay will profit from the quota, but not Lancashire weavers.'

'So you English yourselves believe that England should give up struggling against cheap Japanese goods?'

'With these methods, certainly. Japanese goods are not a crime. If the Japanese can cut their prices in two, so much the worse for the people of Lancashire, who might modernize their machines and their methods. What is going to become of Singapore if this protectionist system favorable to the Lancashire mills is continued?'

This English advocate of free trade nervously blinks his blond eyelashes. The Straits of Singapore are too closely regulated to suit him, for in his opinion the dilemma of Singapore and of the whole world is whether to go under or to make concessions.

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The same Spanish source that yielded up a full report on Antoine Zischka's *Secret War for Oil* now describes his latest book, *The Secret War for Cotton.*

The Secret War *for* COTTON

By A Special Correspondent

Translated from the *Sol*
Madrid Republican Daily

COMMERCIAL war is on its way. Certain outstanding industries watch each other across the seas like hungry animals. Certain products that have become necessary to our existence are about to demand that the masses die for them. It might seem logical to fight for wheat, rice, corn, fish, and other foods when they grow scarce, but the conflict centres upon different products, which humanity has done without, and could continue to do without, for centuries. These products include oil, rubber, minerals, and, above all, cotton. Why? Because they underlie the world's greatest industrial systems. And it is timely to speak of cotton because its particular war is already looming before us.

Abundant information exists on the subject. Not only is the press of the leading countries full of items about cotton, but a well-documented book by Antoine Zischka, called *La guerre secrète pour le coton*, has just been published by Payot in Paris.

The struggle for cotton, for 'white gold,' has a long history: Nineveh and Babylon annihilated one another to capture the cloth market. In the West the same struggle has continued between nation and nation, half-concealed until the present day. Although England has kept the upper hand, the struggle has gone quietly forward since the first plantations appeared in America and since the great Manchester textile industry with its doctrine of liberalism was born.

The first plantations appeared in Virginia in 1619, and cotton soon flourished all over the Anglo-American South. The Spaniards planted Florida, but in this case, as in many others, the English reaped the fruits of their labors. Wool and linen soon dropped to second place. Looms began to weave cotton while shiploads of

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slaves were arriving at the English plantations and at the Spanish cane fields. It needed only the invention of the steam engine and of the weaving machine to enable England to develop her powerful oversea Empire, her enormous textile industry, and her sea power.

These came a century later. James Watt initiated the machine age, and the steamboat took form in iron and flame. But, before cotton became the main English industry, it had to struggle with wool. Until the middle of the eighteenth century, it was a crime in England to wear cotton. Men condemned to death were clothed in cotton rags, for cotton was a product of the Devil and spelled ruin to wool producers. But the famous Spanish merino sheep were presently displaced by the plant that 'yielded white wool.'

The English introduced cotton-growing to the Occident and invented machines to convert it into valuable cloth. England owes her industrial power to three men—Watt, the inventor of the steam engine, Whitney, the inventor of the cotton gin, and Arkwright, the inventor of the spinning jenny. To Arkwright she owes most because it was his invention that long gave English cloth its superior quality. Not until a certain Samuel Slater sailed for New York toward the end of 1789, carrying his patent in his head, did the English lose their exclusive position. The Yankees owe the great growth of their textile industry to Slater, and Anglo-American rivalry dates from the time he brought the Arkwright machine to America.

Other rivalries also began—between the North and the South. The South had plantations; the North succeeded in setting up a powerful textile industry. The former was based on slavery; the latter on free labor. Each complemented the other, but the rivalry between industrialist and landlord increased. England, which needed American cotton for its looms, supported the South, for in annihilating the North it was also annihilating a competitor. The South did not by any means depend on the North for its market, for Europe could buy all that it grew. In 1860 the South produced 3,841,416 bales of cotton and exported 3,536,313 of them to Europe. Agents of English and French factories lent money to Southern planters for seed and harvest, and from 1850 onward the War of Secession was in the air. The United States became England's most powerful rival. By skillful manœuvres it annexed vast Mexican territories, where cotton could be easily grown. England then mobilized her agents to annihilate the North, but the North triumphed and threatened the supremacy of the English textile industry.

In 1865, when the war ended, the South was ruined. Its cotton went to northern factories, which multiplied rapidly. The English cotton magnates needed cheap cotton to compete with American factories. Wool was trying to win back the markets, and England had to raise cotton in its colonies at all costs.

Australia sent great quantities of wool to London, to the great alarm of the Lancashire magnates. Their factories procured some cotton from Brazil, Siam, and Egypt, but it was not enough. American cotton had become very dear, for it was in great demand in the North. American industrialists even succeeded in wresting Egyptian cotton from the English,

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and, besides, the United States had coal and waterpower. It was also an easy matter to ship cotton from plantation to mill. England therefore turned to any solution that came to hand, for it was in danger of starving its own industries—a situation very similar to that of Japan to-day.

II

Then came another war for cotton—the English against the Sudanese. As soon as the British cotton men lost America as a source of raw material, Sudan became their objective. Experts announced that the plains between the White and Blue Niles would yield cotton equal or superior to that of the Mississippi delta. Kitchener penetrated the Sudan at the head of his Anglo-Egyptian troops, and by the close of the last century England gained undisputed possession of the Sudan in spite of the stubborn opposition of France. Cotton was the prize.

When the twentieth century opened, the English cotton empire was expanding throughout the globe, and the British Cotton-Growing Association was promoting it. The Government placed its Secret Service, its Colonial Ministers, and its navy at the disposal of the cotton industrialists. No difficulty blocked the way to this tenacious and enterprising race. There is something in the heart of each Englishman that transcends everything, even his own individual life, and that is his desire for his country's commercial expansion. H. A. Wickham, the man who founded England's rubber empire by stealing plants from the Brazilians, is also responsible for the plans of the cotton empire. According to Zischka, 'Not only Wickham, but the Colonial Minister, the Secret Service, the Lancashire barons, the army and the navy—the whole powerful machine of the Empire—works for the Cotton-Growing Association and against American cotton.'

English cotton plantations soon multiplied. Those in the Sudan are the best, but important ones also exist in the Gold Coast Colony, Nigeria, the east coast of Africa, India, Queensland, and Australia. Mother and daughter, England and the United States, never lost an opportunity of warring with each other on the soft field of cotton. 'Soft,' however, does not describe the conquest of cotton territories and their subsequent cultivation. The empire was not built without labor; determination and sacrifice went into its making. Fever, arrows, sunstroke, native gunfire, wild beasts, poisons, snakes—all these had to be overcome. But everything has its compensation. When the World War broke out, the English used their cotton to blaze away at the Germans and to blow up Turkish troop trains. When the War ended, they enjoyed unlimited power. Bales of cotton flowed back to the Lancashire mills and to the mills of their American competitors, although the latter had not engaged in such an arduous battle.

But, alas, during the War a new character entered the scene—a strange gentleman with a face of stone, an enigmatic eye, and a heart of iron. With the speed of lightning Japan penetrated the markets of India and China. Japanese plantations were developed in Brazil and then began to appear in Mexico, East Africa, China, and Ethiopia. Japan followed the

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same procedure that the English pursued, for Japan's commercial situation is identical with that of England since both countries depend for existence on importing raw materials and exporting finished goods. Both Governments therefore place themselves at the service of the great industrialists. The population of Japan increases at an average of a million a year. It is a life-and-death matter.

France is not a cotton country, and the Japanese therefore seek the aid of French capital in order to wage war on England and the United States. Japanese emigrants who work on Japanese plantations overseas do so under the direction and supervision of the Japanese Government with the purpose of wrecking the Anglo-Saxon cotton monopoly. The House of Mitsui is to Japan what the British Cotton-Growing Association is to England. For instance, one enormous Japanese textile concern operates in China near the Japanese-owned cotton fields. The Orientals have shown in one decade that as holders of the silk monopoly they can also challenge the cotton supremacy of the West—not only challenge it but destroy it.

The Japanese enter the cotton war with tremendous odds in their favor, for they possess a faith in their own destiny that their rivals have lost. Japanese fabrics are cheaper. Japanese machines are new and work day and night. Japanese plantations are still scarce, however; the industry therefore lacks its prime necessity, and its rivals drive hard bargains. But all Japan is an army. Every citizen is both a soldier and a business man; he possesses the discipline, impetus, patriotism, and ferocity of the German soldier. Imagine an English industrialist and a German soldier rolled into one and you have a Japanese. Moreover, Japan needs raw cotton, aluminum, wool, zinc, oil, and tin—it needs everything, in short. Its plantations in Korea are negligible, but a million new human beings a year are available to seek what is lacking. Japan must therefore be taken into account in respect to everything that occurs in the cotton market to-day.

III

We now have three rivals. What about Russia? Here is another child of Mars. The United States burned thousands of bales of cotton while England spent thousands of pounds seeking new territories. To-day, English colonies burn surplus crops while the Russians spend men, money, and energy raising cotton in Siberia. The Soviets still remain merely a potential threat to the world cotton market but a threat that increases as the Second Five-year Plan proceeds.

For three years the Russians have been using the waters of the Amu Darya to irrigate an area of two thousand square kilometres near the Afghanistan frontier. It is a hot region 'infested with snakes and bandits,' but the Soviet comrades are converting it into a mine of white gold. New factories are rising in Tashkent surrounded by great fields of cotton.

The cotton industry is not without irony. The English created it, the Yankees stole it, and from what these two nations created arose the cotton industry of Japan, revealing itself as a new competitor. To-day, American, German, and Italian technicians and machines are turning Russia into a fourth and fearful rival. These ma-

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chines and engineers leave their native countries to fabricate the 'monster' that will devour them. German engineers build underground irrigating systems and try to produce artificial rain. Yankee specialists experiment with cotton plants, cross varieties of American and Egyptian cottons, and obtain species that are more prolific and of better quality than anything yet known. For the faith that seems to have died in the industrialized countries has been born again in Russia. Technicians who cannot find work or who receive low pay at home go there with the baggage and knowledge of capitalist civilization. Who cares whether cotton rots or is burned in the British and American fields? The Russians need to raise it on their own soil for their own factories, cost what it may. And, no matter what it costs them, it will cost the others much more.

The struggle is as great as any that the English have undertaken. The enemies are the same—sunstroke, wild beasts, and malaria, as well as local chieftains, bandits, *lishentsi*—men without civil rights—who oppose Soviet invasion. But salaries are higher here than in any other part of the world, and money accomplishes marvels. When the work is finished, Russia will have plenty of cotton for her mills.

Where will this madness end? Cotton is transforming the deserts of Tadjikistan and Turkestan into powerful industrial centres, which will threaten the life of similar centres in the West. It is also transforming Mohammedans into Marxists. The Englishman, Slater, sold the interests of his country to the American enemy; other European and American technicians have passed their secrets on to Japan, thus creating a new antagonist. The same thing is happening with Russia. For the sake of cotton the Soviets fought three wars,—in 1924, 1925, and 1929,—and in Turkestan more than seventy thousand men lost their lives. But the Soviets finally raised their Red flags in the desert that is already yielding thousands of bales of white gold. Mohammedans are writing to Moscow, 'imploring Allah's blessing for Stalin.' Kulaks and enemies of the régime have disappeared. Flourishing cotton and humming machinery have risen from their ashes.

Planned economy remains a dream. Roosevelt, Stalin, the Japanese imperialist caste, and the British industrial organizations all have their private plans, and all are directed at mutual annihilation. It is estimated that in the United States cotton worth more than a billion pesetas was being destroyed while the Russians were spending almost as much making the deserts of Turkestan and Tadjikistan productive.

IV

For various reasons, cotton has become one of the most sought-after products on the market. Not only is the industry the strongest support of British imperialism, but it can be put to several uses. Modern machines can transform it into the finest fabrics, which compete with silk and wool and are superior even to artificial silk. In time of war it is very important as an explosive in spite of the gases and other chemicals that have come to the fore. An attempt is now being made to convert it into a nourishing food. Cotton seeds yield a flour rich in

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vitamins, salts, phosphates, and albuminoids. Mixed with coffee or chocolate, it becomes palatable. For many years the Italians have sold cotton-seed oil as pure olive oil to Americans, who never realized that they were consuming a product of their own.

The Italians have also given a great impetus to the manufacture of artificial silk, an industry that has made great strides since the War and that is closely related to war. The raw material used for explosives can also be used to make artificial silk, and an artificial-silk mill can very quickly be transformed into a munitions factory. Natural silk hardly counts now as a rival of cotton, but artificial silk is another story.

Cotton, however, resorted to political weapons in its battle against rayon. The stock exchanges mobilized their resources, and the creator of the Italian artificial-silk industry, the same man who financed Mussolini's march on Rome, went to the Lipari Islands. His 'artificial' business collapsed, and the cotton men continued on their triumphant way. The Belgian Loewenstein, another artificial-silk magnate, committed suicide, at least according to official reports.

Countries lacking cotton—Italy, Germany, Belgium, and France—set up synthetic fibre in opposition to the white gold. England thereupon created her own artificial-silk industry, mixing rayon with cotton at considerable expense. Every day greets the arrival of new machines and procedures that make others obsolete, but determination conquers all. Loewenstein entered the English artificial-silk industry. He put his head in the lion's mouth, for the English have good agents. He left Croydon one day by airplane, and, when the machine landed at Dunkerque, Loewenstein was missing. His body was found two weeks later in the Channel.

The commercial war leads to many similar instances. Just now countries with great cotton fields are triumphant, for these fields belong to them exclusively whereas synthetic fibre is everybody's property. Silk and cotton mixed together add new wealth to our wardrobes. England remains supreme, but it is not alone in its grandeur. Time was when the United States and England divided the world —one taking the Americas, the other, Asia and Africa. But a gentleman with a yellow face has intruded and made them nervous. It appears that one must share with him what there is—and every day there seems to be less. In three years, if 'something does n't happen,' another guest will arrive, the bear that walks like a man. And then God only knows what will happen.

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The prospect of Fascism now confronts France. A literary critic cries out for a new kind of man, and a collection of clippings from the reactionary press replies with endorsements of the type of régime Hitler has set up in Germany.

The French DILEMMA

A Gallic Symposium

I. The New Man

By Edmond Jaloux

Translated from the *Temps*, Paris Semi-official Daily

THE astrologer who tried to read the destiny of 1934 in the stars and whose article an illustrated paper published in December, 1933, made no mistake when he predicted that the year 1934 would be the worst that our time has ever known. Since February catastrophe has followed catastrophe with the implacable clock-like regularity that ill-fortune sometimes assumes. It may be recalled, for instance, that the astrologer definitely predicted the death of King Albert I. From then on, however, his sight, or rather his conjectures, became blurred. Though he did not give us precise details about our misfortunes and though he may even have made mistakes about certain details, one thing remains certain—he never doubted their importance.

I do not intend to discuss here the basis of these prophecies, for no argument can shatter the believer's faith or the unbeliever's skepticism. Those men are wise who withhold their judgment, remembering what Henri de Regnier happily called 'the mysterious concordance of all things.' None the less, it might be said that certain unusually important events are preceded by a dull rumbling, which

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a few privileged individuals perceive, just as certain animals feel an approaching earthquake and certain people can foresee a storm or a snowfall. The thing that deserves to hold our attention is the accumulation of these tragedies, to which M. Poincaré's death, following so swiftly in the wake of M. Louis Barthou's, has added its funereal weight.

Moreover, these victims of fate all played a leading rôle in the War of 1914. Whereas M. Raymond Poincaré had been ill several months prior to his death, M. Louis Barthou, whom we encountered in Geneva only a few days ago, was as young and alert as ever. But for a revolutionary's fanaticism, he would probably have lived to a vigorous old age. As for Albert of Belgium and Alexander of Serbia, both sovereigns were quite young and seemed even younger than they were —the former with his tall stature, his ruddy and meditative face, his clear and dreamy eyes, which seemed to plumb the soul's depth; the latter with that sharp, sudden, penetrating glance, that dark complexion, that cordial sympathy, that supple walk and soldierly vivacity.

The striking thing is how suddenly time has snatched away the greatest servants of the country, especially those who were intimately involved in the War, for let us not forget that Marshal Hindenburg died only a few weeks ago. We feel that openings are being prepared for new men and that a period in our history is coming to a close and crumbling behind us.

In 1919, I asked one of the highest and most respected Radical leaders what his guiding principles would be if he came into power. He seemed somewhat embarrassed and admitted that his party had no new ideal to offer. He confessed of his own accord that anti-clericalism, which had proved serviceable in the past, had become old-fashioned and needed to be replaced.

'Be careful,' I said to him, 'the new man whom the War has brought forth will need new gods. We cannot resume our old quarrels and live solely on electoral comedies or tragedies.' Our friend gladly agreed with us. We had no idea at the time that new gods would be born in two foreign countries and that in one of these countries a genuine mythology would arise.

II

The Third Republic created a real type, the Radical. I am assuming no political point of view when I speak in this manner. I am taking the point of view of history and of social psychology. Good or bad, the Radical is what he is. It is not for me to discuss him. It is unquestionable, however, that he owes his existence to the body of laws, regulations, and pedagogical principles to which we have adhered since 1880. Prince von Bülow's memoirs record a conversation that took place in the Hotel de la Païva between him and Paul Bert, who clearly predicted the future middle-class Frenchman, who would arise as a result of republican education. We can measure the force and the vision of this régime by its success. If we excavated the past, we should probably discover that this Frenchman is not an invention of our time. The middle ages seemed to have known him, for we find him very clearly in the *fabliaux*. But with the sixteenth century we lose his trace, and a new

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moral type is formed. The same thing happens in the forests where a new growth takes the place of an old one that becomes exhausted with the passage of the centuries.

After the War a noble patriotic Alsatian woman, who has since died, invited a small group of men interested in observing the country to visit her beautiful home near Strasbourg. She wanted them to study the causes of Alsatian unrest, a widely discussed topic in those days. Her guests spent a week at Robertsau either with notables whom their hostess invited or with prominent members of the new administration. But the true cause of Alsatian unrest has never been really found: the people who remained in Alsace after the War did not recognize the French, for the image that their parents and grandparents had left them was blurred and transformed by absence, distance, and a loving tenderness as subject to illusions as love itself.

For the Frenchman of 1920 did not resemble the Frenchman of 1869. A new moral type had been formed, which the Alsatians could not yet understand, and it bothered them. Though the essence of a race cannot be modified, though we are to-day rather like the Gauls Julius Cæsar described, it is none the less true that morals and manners, trends of mind, daily customs, and even emotions undergo a profound metamorphosis from one epoch to the next. Count Keyserling, that great traveler and subtle connoisseur of human races, recently told me that there are no obvious common traits between the pre-war mujik and the peasant of the Russian collective and that the latter resembles an American worker more closely than he does any other type. Since 1922 we have all seen a new Italian type arise, a type that is different even physically. These tall, robust boys with kinky hair combed straight back, many of whom have the admirable profiles of condottieri, bear no resemblance to the skinny little Italians of the pre-war era.

III

Now that the tenth anniversary of Anatole France's death has arrived, we survey his glory and speculate over his fate. Certain young writers have been asked what they thought of the work of the man who wrote the *Lys rouge*. Their replies were positive and scornful. They rejected his work with an oath. I could not help smiling when I read their answers. Not that they were entirely wrong, but they brought no serious argument to bear to support them—nothing but personal, impatient, and vain opinions. And they have no means of fighting Anatole France because they have nothing to oppose him with, no personal ethic, no æsthetic, no new creative element.

Moreover, Anatole France will certainly appear one day as the literary incarnation of the Radical. He has the faults and the qualities of the type, a spirit that is both rasping and realistic, intolerant in its affectation of tolerance and at times fantastic, positivist, anti-chivalrous, a characteristic of many small city dwellers during feudal times. I am glad to hear Anatole France criticized, but who of us has a philosophy capable of combating his? Not that such a philosophy is difficult to imagine, but the fact remains that Anatole France's

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realism continues to live in other books and under different names. The great post-war writer has yet to be born. We may have had all sorts of illusions between 1920 and 1930; today they are dead. We know that, though the young men who grew up after the Armistice have disavowed their pre-war masters, they have not thereby become innovators. They have merely continued the work of their elders with more or less talent and more or less success; they have not created an autonomous movement as did Romanticism, Symbolism, and even Naturalism.

It is undeniable that the depression, of which so many people speak, has economic causes. There are, however, other causes, one of the most important of which is our misplacement in relation to the new set-up. We are behind the times. The general unrest is due to the fact that our institutions no longer harmonize with the vague desires of individuals and that individuals themselves feel ill adapted to a world in the making. Now and again someone announces a revolution, and the *Marges* goes so far as to issue a questionnaire to find out what position one would choose in such a situation. The position of being dead would seem particularly suitable to most writers, but none of those consulted would ever choose it. Actually, the revolution has ended; it was the war of 1914 and its aftermath, of which we cannot cure ourselves. We go on struggling for the Left or for the Right, just as though these very expressions did not belong to the past. M. Doumergue suggested that the Constitution be revised on a just, strong, and moderate basis. He is right. But we must also attempt a more difficult revision. The revision of men, or at least of the Frenchmen.

The tragedy is that the nineteenth century, caught in a frightful vortex of speed, devoured an unbelievable number of ideals. When these ideals vanished, nothing remained but materialism; the United States offered a fatal example. But there is a point at which material enjoyment makes the economic framework crack. That was the beginning of our present crisis.

In order to live humanity must follow the decrees of a man of genius, or, let us simply say, it must bow to his fancy. Russia has adopted Karl Marx, Germany Nietzsche (Nietzsche, by the way, very superficially interpreted). Karl Marx's dream is too diametrically opposed to the French mind ever to succeed in our country. What we call in France 'the revolution' is the birth of a new social class to replace the bourgeoisie. We must consider this before signing the death-sentence of our bourgeoisie. The end of a group of individuals is always possible, but not the death of widespread sentiment. Once again we need new gods. What moralists, what gifted metaphysicians will give them to us? Everyone speaks of national reforms, which are indispensable, but insufficient. It is within each one of us that new moral values and a new sense of life must be shaped. Our faults are exaggerated, but we have one fault that is serious and that brings many others in its wake. It is excessive facility in our morals. We cannot say 'no'; and why, indeed, should we when we hold the ideas that Anatole France made so popular? This brings us back to the heart of the problem. We must create a new man.

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II. France Moves toward Fascism

A Native Symposium

[*We present below an assortment of clippings from the reactionary and Fascist press of France to illustrate the radical change in French opinion that has occurred during the past year. Between 1930 and 1933* The Living Age *reproduced many longer items of a similar character from the German press. The material we have gathered here indicates that Fascism has grown more rapidly in France than it ever did in Germany. How far it may spread is another matter.*—The Editor.]

WE ARE the determined enemies of speculative capital, which is solely engaged in business activity, falsifying business values, draining the life blood of business, and then disappearing, having left nothing but ruin in its wake.—*Peuple Français*

The Marxist theory of a planned economy arises from an oriental and barbaric philosophy, which denies the moral values of the culture and civilization that France created. It is a specifically Jewish philosophy. Marxism is also engaged in a kind of Machiavellian process of Jew-ifying the world. To elevate the chosen race, which has been given a divine mission and will stop at nothing in uprooting the humanity of the 'goys'—that is the basic mission that Marx entrusted to that Moloch, the 'proletariat.'—*Solidarité Française*

True Communism is not represented by the Marxists, who cling to their class ideas as firmly as the bourgeois do and who preach criminal war between men of the same blood. In reality, internationalism is the opposite of socialism. Marx also advocates the confiscation of private property. True Communism, on the other hand, consists in guaranteeing the possessions of those who serve it. Marxism wants to reduce wages still lower. True Communism should guarantee every man his wage. It does not hold out to our unemployed the prospect of idleness but the prospect of honorable labor, on the proceeds of which they can live.—*Libre Parole*

True nationalism is not that of the reactionary bourgeois who makes use of the idea of patriotism to uphold the dominance of his own class. True nationalism, on the contrary, means solidarity between all ranks of the people; it does not tolerate the suppression of one class by another. But the overlordship of an élite group is necessary.—*Libre Parole*

The Jews cannot be numbered among the constituent elements of the nation. The belief in the possibility of solidarity between the Jews and the French is the deception against which we shall never weary of struggling. Let the Jews return to their own country, subdue it again, till the soil again and make their own tools, or else let them disappear from the surface of the earth.—*Libre Parole*

We are the friends of all nations with one exception—the Jewish na-

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tion. If we want peace, which can easily be established between certain nations, it is necessary that the Jew, the crab of humanity, be exterminated.—*Racisme, Internationale, Fascisme*

The incompetents, traitors, thieves, and murderers—they must vanish from the political stage. Either they go of their own free will, or we attend to them. If it is necessary to go into the streets to rid the country of them, that will occur. Let the Government take heed. The country wants no more of this rabble.—*Solidarité Française*

France has ceased to be the *patrie;* it has become the arena for a band of degenerates and hucksters. That is why the country is no longer beloved by its peasants, workers, and soldiers. I hereby call upon the men who are determined to build their country anew. Rebuilding our native land does not mean dressing up the dame, 'Parliamentary Republic,' in new clothes or sermonizing the executive to restrain its licentiousness. Rebuilding our native land means infusing the French with a new spirit, putting each man in his proper place—the worker in the place of honor, the swindler out the door. That is the mission of 'Francism.'—*Franciste*

Note that we do not collect wet hens or waddling ducks about us. For it is not our intention to have our heads broken but to break the heads of others—the thieves, rogues, and traitors who are betraying our native land.—*Franciste*

Force will confront redoubled force. It is not out of place to specify what methods Frenchmen who are so gravely menaced will use. They will not brave the army or the police in open struggle, but they will smite down the leading oppressors one after anòther.—*Action Française*

The second arrondissement is responding to the appeal of its leadership and preparing for the heavy winter campaign that is on the way. Most efforts are being directed toward the organization of protective troops. Volunteers and members of the militia will meet every week to receive regular training and all necessary instructions. There will also be a nursing course (obligatory for the women's section) and a course for special squads, motorcyclists, and so on.—*Solidarité Française*

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This simple story of an Hungarian revolutionist, told as it were by his child, affords a classic example of tragedy in terms of the twentieth century.

Andor Coloman

By Z. GOLDSTEIN

Translated from *Europe*
Paris Literary and Political Monthly

ANDOR wakes up suddenly in the middle of the night and rubs his half-closed eyes. The night lamp sheds a soft bluish glow. The little boy sits up in bed and looks about him wonderingly. The old bulging buffet, the shelves littered with all sorts of dusty objects, the chair, its feet bound with wire, and on the wall the picture of the beautiful lady sadly leaning over a lake—all these familiar things reassure him, and he casts his eyes about for Irnol.

Irnol is a plush teddy bear with mussed-up hair and a torn ear. Sitting in a corner he looks at his young master, and his arched eyebrows and nodding head show that he is rather surprised to see him awake at such a late hour.

Andor understands his old pal's mute reproach and waves a hand at him. 'Go on, you old grouch. Don't look that way. I'm going back to bed.' He smiles, lets his head drop back on the pillow, but soon gets up again, for he has just heard his mother's hushed tones and a man's voice through the thin partition. Andor Coloman's eyes open wide, and his heart beats very fast. 'It is father just come back,' he whispers, trying to convince himself.

Andor's father, Imré Coloman, worked on the railroad. His mother was a seamstress. Andor loved them both very much, but he had to admit that the hours he spent in his father's company were the happiest in his life. Maybe because they were so rare, maybe also because he admired Coloman so much. Imré worked at the railroad station every day. In the evening he would go to syndicate meetings or other secret gatherings and would not return until late. The mother complained and often raised her voice. Then Imré answered softly,

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'There are things so important that they should occupy the first place in life. And a man must not think only of himself and his own happiness when there are millions of suffering human beings all around him.' And as usual, Madame Coloman agreed with her husband.

Ah, poor Hungary. To think that the country is bursting with wheat while so many people are starving.

None the less, she could not get over Imré's continual absences, and Andor understood her feelings well. For, young as he was, he already knew that life was not rosy. He didn't like to wear himself out doing his lessons, and he found arithmetic particularly boring. 'Everyone must take his share of trouble, my boy,' Madame Coloman would say, and Andor never protested.

But, the day when Imré had to leave the house for no one knew how long, Andor's fragile philosophy of resignation crashed, and he could not understand why his father, who was so good and so highly respected, had to hide like a thief. He knew, because he had heard it said, that certain people possess all the goods of this world whereas others are deprived of necessities. And the queerest thing, a complete contradiction of everything he had read in books, was that those who worked the least were often the richest. At first Andor believed it only because his father told him so. But later on he noticed that the children of hard-working people were often pitiful sights. István, for example, the bricklayer's son, was the worst-dressed boy in school, and he was almost always hungry. Naturally, Andor did not like this state of affairs, and he agreed with his father that it should be changed. But that was not so easy. Not easy at all. And the proof of it is that men who revolt against injustice are put in prison to keep others from following their example, and, as the rich are very few in comparison to the masses of poor throughout the country, they have to hire policemen to defend their property.

Andor's father was one of the few men to struggle against injustice for the happiness of all. And that was the reason why he had to forsake his home and avoid arrest. Andor's heart was full of pride at the thought that his father was a hero, but he also shared his mother's fears, although he quickly learned to hide them.

One day he was playing at young Fried's home, and the game was so entrancing that the two boys had forgotten all about time when four men entered the house. Fried's father had not yet come home from work. The policemen, for these men were policemen although they wore civilian clothes, said that 'it didn't matter and that they would wait.' And, when Andor wanted to go away, one of them stopped him: 'No one leaves here.' The little boy's mother vainly tried to explain that it was late and that Andor would be scolded at home. The same man interrupted her brutally: 'We know those tricks.'

Half an hour later the workman returned. They only let him kiss his children before they pushed him toward the door. Then Fried's mother began to cry that she would not let her husband go, and her cry was high-pitched and monotonous. They had to tear her away from the man because she clung to him stubbornly. Gripped by the two policemen, she

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struggled for a few minutes more, then suddenly collapsed like a sack tossed on an attic floor. The two men let her go and rushed toward the door. The woman remained stretched out in the middle of the room, her hair slightly mussed, her eyes half closed, looking like a corpse. A painful spectacle.

Going home Andor clenched his fists and said to himself that he should never have let his friend's father be taken away. He returned very depressed. Though he kept this story from his mother, he often thought about it at night and dreamed that the fathers of all his schoolmates were arrested. Then he would wake up in tears.

Days passed, but no news came from Coloman. No one knew anything about him. Andor no longer wanted to play after school, and, when he walked in the street, he often felt old, very old indeed. Early one morning a friend of Coloman's came and said that Imré was in Budapest: he was well, he had even succeeded in getting a job under a false name, and, if he did not write, that was simply because he was afraid the letters might be opened. 'Don't worry. No harm will come to him,' the friend said when he left.

Hope awakened in the woman's and in the boy's hearts. In the evening, while Andor studied his lessons and Madame Coloman sewed, they thought of seeing Imré once more.

II

'And here he is, back again without even letting us know.' Andor listens intently and cannot quite believe it is true. No, he is not mistaken. It is his father's voice. He jumps out of bed, bumps into the chair. His little hands clutch the door knob, which slips through his fingers and seems to turn all by itself. Coloman walks in and takes the boy in his arms.

Andor snuggles against the large familiar chest while his mother silently watches her husband and child. Imré lets Andor slip to the ground and turns to his wife.

'Isabella.' He is silent for a moment and hesitates. 'I must go away. I'm late already. Go on living as before, as if I had never come back, as if you knew nothing, and, above all, don't say a word to anyone. Even the most honest people should n't be tempted.' Coloman chuckles. 'The reward that the police offers for my head might be interesting. And poverty—well, you know.'

Isabella draws up to him. 'Imré, I am afraid, I am terribly afraid.'

But he goes on, paying no attention to his wife's words. 'I'll come back Wednesday to bring you the money and the passport—probably early in the morning. You can take the eleven o'clock train that night. I shall meet you at the first station beyond the frontier.'

Coloman bends over his wife and kisses her almost coldly. Then he lays his hand on Andor's soft hair and goes out, followed by Isabella, who is biting her lips to keep from crying. Andor rushes out after his father. 'You'll come back to meet us, won't you?'

Coloman nods.

'When?' The child's voice is full of tears.

'Early Wednesday morning,' Isabella repeats wearily. The door closes.

'Well,' says the mother, 'your

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father is gone. Now you must go back to sleep. All good children have been asleep hours ago.'

Andor grips his mother's dry, pin-pricked fingers and draws her toward a chair. Isabella sits down meekly but suddenly clutches her son and kisses him passionately.

The little porcelain Chinaman on the shelf grimaces at the mother and her son. A moth flies out of a dark corner and whirls around the lamp. A few seconds later it falls on the table; only the transparent and tender wings flutter. Somewhere in the sleeping house the floor creaks, then everything is silent once again.

The next morning rain drops beat against the window. Andor is the first to get up. He dresses quietly so as not to awaken his mother, goes over to the window, and watches life creeping into the street. The water-carrier goes by, swinging his pails, which clang like bells. The grocer takes down his shutters and carefully places them against the wall of his shop. A woman with a basket over her arm walks close to the wall. The village beggar, a simple soul, whom the children, his worst enemies, call 'Dead-Eye,' drags his lame leg along the sidewalk, looking almost as if he were playing hopscotch.

'Andor,' Madame Coloman's voice tears the child away from his dreams. He runs to the kitchen where his mother is tending the fire.

'Up already?' She bends down to kiss him. 'Hurry up and get the bread. I forgot to buy any yesterday.'

The baker in his white blouse, his twinkling eyes wrinkled by a broad smile, his thick gray hair floating in the breeze, his back somewhat bent by rheumatism, sits behind the counter like a gnome in a fairy tale. He shakes Andor's hand as he would a man's and asks, 'What can I do for Mr. Coloman, Jr.?' And, weighing a piece of white bread, he adds, 'Your mother is well? I haven't seen her for a long time.'

'Thank you, she has a great deal of work right now. She asked me to give you her greetings.'

'That is very kind of her. Oh, she's a fine woman, Madame Coloman is,' he says to his wife, a tall, thin woman who has just come in by the back door. The baker's wife looks at her husband with scorn and asks him sourly, 'Did you order the flour as I told you to the day before yesterday? Where is it? Maybe you don't know that your workers are waiting around with their arms crossed?'

The baker pretends not to have heard and draws up to Andor as he prepares to leave. 'And how about your father? No news from him?'

'We have received no news,' the child softly replies, clutching the bread to his chest as though he were afraid his heart might fly out.

'He'd better be careful, your father, otherwise you know . . .' The baker leans over toward Andor and adds softly, 'They'll hang him.' Then even more emphatically, 'A man who plots against the state is subject to death at the gallows.' The baker waves his long arms like the executioner pulling the rope around the victim's throat. 'And there he'll be, gone to Heaven.' And, imitating a man who has been hanged, he lets his fat head drop to one side and sticks out a whitish tongue.

'You fool,' his wife shouts, 'look here, all you people, this idiot who stages a Punch and Judy show instead of helping me. Ah, may Jesus be my

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witness, I've been too patient with this old fool all my life!'

'Don't listen to her, my little Andor, don't listen to her.' The baker taps the boy's cheek. 'We're friends, are n't we? You know that I like your father. I respect your father very much. Yes, really very much.' And, whispering in Andor's ear, 'I should be the last one to throw the stone at a man who is fighting for all of us in order to free us from . . .'

He does not finish his sentence and casts a frightened glance around him, although there is no one in the shop but his wife and the little boy. Then, with a magnificent gesture, he takes a cream puff from the window and gives it to Andor. Just then the bell rings with a thin sound, and a fat woman wearing a hat covered with tiny flowers and an umbrella tucked under her arm appears.

'Good morning, Madame Vari.'

'Good morning, Madame Benkö. You are early to-day.'

'What terrible weather,' Madame Benkö goes on. 'If I'd been told yesterday that it was going to rain to-day, I should never have believed it, but here you never know what to expect. It's not like Budapest where I used to live. How I wish I were there now!'

Suddenly, noticing Andor, she says, 'So you're here? Tell your mother to come around to see me. I have some work for her.' And, turning to the baker's wife with a contrite look, 'I have a tender heart, you know, so I give her something to do now and then. But I can't complain: she is a good honest worker. It is too bad that she should be cursed with such a husband. He's a pretty sad specimen, is n't he? For my part, I'd never have thought he'd join up with these bandits, these revolutionaries, anarchists and everything else, because, after all, he had good manners and spoke rather well for a worker. At least he should have thought of his wife and child.'

Andor slips out, forgetting in his haste to say good-by. It is still raining, and the mud comes up to the edge of the sidewalk. The boy is terribly sad. Tears roll down his cheeks like the rain on the shop signs of this forgotten city in the midst of the Hungarian plains.

III

'You will put on your galoshes,' Madame Coloman says, raising the curtain. 'It is surely going to rain all day.'

'Yes, mother,' Andor replies frowning, for he does not like to put on his galoshes.

'And how about your luncheon, you're leaving it?' the woman asks, pointing to a package lying on the table. The child slips the package into the bag he carries over his shoulder.

'The thing is, if we go away, István and Lajos will have to get along with what they get at home, and it is n't very much, you know. István brings hardly anything with him, and he is always as hungry as a wolf. Ludurg never has any . . .'

'He's just like his father,' Madame Coloman thinks, 'always worrying about others. What a misfortune!' But deep in her heart she approves and is proud to be the mother of this little man.

She replies simply, 'They'll get along by themselves, don't worry. They'll have to.'

Andor walks slowly down the street.

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His little hands fidget in his pockets. 'To-day is Friday,' he thinks. 'Father is coming back Wednesday. Well, Friday does n't count, so that leaves Saturday, Sunday, Monday—in five days.'

Little Ely, coming out of the house, says hello to him. Andor stops, and the two boys go on their way together. Ely is very pleased with himself, not at all quarrelsome, and he chatters like a magpie.

'Did you see the scar on the teacher's cheek?' This subject is very close to his heart, and it is the second time he asks Andor about it. 'It's brand new, you know. It looks as though somebody scratched him . . . Oh, look at Novak on his bicycle. What a way of sitting . . . and, by the way, my father promised me a bicycle next year, if I pass my examinations, of course . . . but a swell bicycle, not a rattletrap like Novak's.'

'Really,' says Andor dreamily. And he thinks . . . after school and the house and the friends, if one were to leave for some foreign land. Andor's thought stops at that word 'foreign.'

Ely pulls him by the sleeve. 'Oh, listen, do you think you could look over my composition for to-morrow? It is n't that I'm not sure of myself. I don't think I made any mistakes. But I just hate to read it over, you know.'

'Yes, I'll look it over,' Andor replies and thinks to himself, 'He is not one to keep silent.'

The children enter the schoolroom. During recess Andor corrects Ely's composition and returns the notebook. 'You're a swell guy,' Ely says instead of thanking him, 'even though your father . . .' he stops and begins to whistle.

'Even though my father. . . ?' Andor says softly, drawing up to Ely, and all the color seems to go from his cheeks.

'Oh, nothing, nothing at all,' Ely stammers.

'But, yes, you said that my father was—what?' Andor insists, his voice trembling.

'Oh, leave Ely alone, he's just a sissy,' Keri, the strongest boy in the class, who has just overheard the conversation, interrupts. 'If you want to know who your father is, I'll tell you.

'Well, go on, tell me.'

'He's a public enemy, a very dangerous man,' Keri replies with feigned indifference, recalling the terms used by his father, the tax collector.

'A public enemy and a very dangerous man?'

'Yes, a dangerous criminal with the police after him,' Keri explains obligingly.

'You lie, my father is honest, do you hear me?'

'And furthermore, a coward,' Keri goes on pitilessly. 'A coward. Yes, of course, a coward, since he's scared to show himself.'

'A coward, you say?' Andor repeats. A sharp pain shoots through his body, and he walks over to Keri with raised fist. 'Repeat it.'

'I said he is a criminal because the police are after him, and I said he is a coward because he is afraid and is hiding.'

'It's not true. He's not afraid. He's not hiding. He came to see us the other night.'

'Really?'

'And I am very happy that we are all going away soon, that we'll never see you again, all of you!'

'In that case please forgive me for having called him a coward,' says

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Keri in a conciliatory tone. 'He's got some nerve. But he's still a criminal, since the police are after him,' he adds after a moment's thought.

Andor stands still for a moment; then hurls himself at Keri; the two children roll on the ground.

IV

That evening Keri's father, a man suffering from liver trouble and from the small amount of authority that he is able to exercise, questions his son sharply about the swelling under his right eye. Keri refuses to answer. He takes a whip from the cupboard. 'Are you going to answer? Yes or no? This is the last time I ask you. Who beat you up this way?'

'Andor Coloman,' Keri mutters, casting a glance at the whip.

'And why?'

Keri grows mute again. The whip is raised. In a colorless voice the boy relates the scene that took place between him and Andor.

'He said that his father would come back soon?' The tax collector interrupts. 'You are not mistaken? You're sure that he told you so?' His face grows thoughtful. 'Good, you're in luck this time. Go on to bed.' He puts the whip back in the cupboard and walks slowly toward his study. The child does not move from his chair. His shoulders tremble gently, and inarticulate sounds come from his throat. Little Keri cries bitterly.

The following Wednesday, when the first rosy rays of sunlight appear in the sky, Coloman returns as he has promised. His wide blue eyes are smiling, but there is no laughter in his mouth. He gives Isabella the money and the passport, a brand new passport, which the woman turns and twists in her fingers.

And, then, the thing that was to decide Coloman's fate as well as the fate of his wife and child comes so brutally that later on, when Andor tries to recall the scene, he can remember only a few details. He can see an officer's hands, large and hairy, gripping his mother while other hands push his father toward the door. He recalls also the pale face of a young police officer staring at Madame Coloman. Then a void, and a few short sentences in this void:

'Father, you will come back? Say so to mother.'

'Of course, Isabella, it is nothing at all, I'll come back soon.'

'When, tell her when, Father.'

And then the voice of the officer: 'Probably never, my boy.'

That is all. The sun slips in through the open door and chases the gray shadows from the walls. Isabella rises from the chair where she has sat huddled after Coloman's departure and blows out the lamp with trembling lips. Then, as after the departure of the dead, she begins to sweep the room, which the policemen's heavy shoes have soiled.

For Andor Coloman a strange sort of life begins.

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BOOKS ABROAD

AUTOBIOGRAPHY. *By John Cowper Powys. London: John Lane. 15s. New York: Simon & Schuster. $3.50.*

(V. S. Pritchett in the *New Statesman and Nation*, London)

'IT IS a criminal blunder of our maturer years,' writes Mr. John Cowper Powys at the beginning of this autobiography, 'that we so tamely, and without frantic and habitual struggles to retain it, allow *the ecstasy of the unbounded* to slip away out of our lives.'

Mr. Powys himself retains it both frantically and habitually. His intimations of boundlessness began early at his father's Derbyshire vicarage. There was a grassy hill that gave him a 'dim feeling of immensity'; it became 'synonymous with sublimity.' Oddly enough, a pair of boots had a similarly powerful effect. They were his father's boots, and their thick soles conveyed 'my father's volcanic intensity of earth-feeling.' 'An oceanic in-pouring of this "un-bounded"' was occasioned by his father's axe. It made, he adds, in what might be called the cosmic humorlessness of this book, 'an even greater dent in my mind.' Mr. Powys's romanticism and egolatry—which he begs us not to confuse with Rousseau's; there is no danger of that—have their real rival in the amateur-philosophical writings of another celebrated transatlantic lecturer, Count Keyserling. By floodlighting every episode with symbolism, some dramatic effects are obtained, particularly in the uncovering of new kinds of vice. At Sherborne: 'I tried to overcome the most formidable of human passions—anger and desire—by abandonment to the vice of pure gluttony. In that one night I ravenously devoured a whole sponge cake.'

Against the crime of eating sponge cake we must place the rhythmic significance of telegraph wires seen rising and falling from a moving train. His meditations upon sadism tell him that 'from an intense absorption over a long period of time there must emanate magnetic vibrations of some sort permeating the surrounding air and leaving an evil impress that only gradually dies away.'

These quotations may indicate the embarrassment of the task of reviewing Powys's book. One has the sensation of entering some Turkish bath of the psyche and of there seeing Mr. Powys naked in the hottest room of the subjective process. He sits steaming confusedly away, an ascetic-looking figure for all his verbal sensuality, declaiming theatrically and monotonously among the vapors and secretions. He is determined to sweat every drop out of his system.

Whether Mr. Powys's naked and shameless candor is as candid as it sounds is doubtful. He is naked yet hidden in the vapor of his own confession. He seems to me to have wrapped himself in sensationalism. Thus, the objective facts of his life in the 650 closely printed pages of this book are few. One hears a little of the other members of his distinguished family, one gathers a portrait here and there from Sherborne and has a guess or two at what happened at Cam-

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bridge and later at Brighton, where his career as a lecturer began. There is a gentleman who had had sunstroke in Singapore and who wrote poetry. He said, 'Powys, we must propitiate magnates.' There is a workingman who introduced the sex-, symbolism-, and magic-obsessed lecturer with his 'impersonal lust' to the 'chaste whores' of Liverpool. There are brief glimpses of America. The rest is boundlessness, wordy tunnelings down the long arches of the solitary ego.

Mr. Powys's case will no doubt be clear to psychologists—this, incidentally, seems to irritate him, for it puts a stop to boundlessness. His book is often a rich and fascinating document. A great part of his life he was obsessed with what he calls sadistic-erotic perversions. Normal sexual phenomena revolted him. He dreamed of sylph-like, idealized girls. He developed a passion for erotic literature and was able to get sexual stimulus even from the blameless *Ally Sloper's Weekly*. Naturally, he hated women. He even went to the extent of hating trees and plants for their feminine parts. He feared he might become a woman. He loathed to see a woman holding a handkerchief in her hand. There is a secret life held back in everyone by the sluices of shame, and Mr. Powys's public confession may bring private release to others. The very secrecy of that life, stagnant behind its shames, breeds those perversions, those fears and obsessions that, in this book, make Mr. Powys give a disproportionate value to irrelevant matter. They cut a man off from his fellows. They have cut Mr. Powys off. So that, fishing in the Glastonbury gloom of consciousness, he feels the line jerk, hauls away, and brings up a creature whose length he immediately exaggerates. It does not occur to him that others are drily comparing catches with him; and it never enters his head when he cries—borrowing the manner of a de Quincey or a Hazlitt—'you will hardly believe it, reader, when I tell you . . .' that his Glastonbury monster seems to other fishermen rather less than a sprat.

With poetic intuitions—yet no poet; emulator of prose styles, but no stylist; with an ability to draw character, but no novelist; a priest washing his sins in rhetoric; a mystic only too much in tune with the indefinite; an actor, but fatally insisting upon a one-man play; a man as easily bogged in the sublime as in the ridiculous, his self-dramatizations collapsing at a touch into bathos—with all his intuitive and imaginative gifts, Mr. Powys ends by making turgid what he has the ability to make clear. He rejoices in the revolt against reason:—

'The people who use this term against me are exactly the type of persons who all the way down history have been the enemies of everything I value most in life. They hate, distrust, and despise imagination. . . . Personally for myself I would define this vein of "charlantism" in me, which you are so afraid of as the clown-element, or the comic-actor element, *in the essence of all psychic truth*. Without this element—which is the perilous drop of the aboriginal berry juice of old Saturn's blood—the pursuit of truth would resemble something between a four hours' speech by Mr. Gladstone and a four weeks' visit to some scientific retreat, where they investigate dogs' saliva through slits in their necks.'

Excellent intoxication, but it is

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verbal and not imaginative. One can answer Mr. Powys only out of his own mouth: '. . . it is the element of self-love, in totally irrelevant happenings, that accounts for the indescribable tediousness of many autobiographies.'

WIR HATTEN MAL EIN KIND. *By Hans Fallada. Berlin: Rowohlt Verlag. 1934.*

(From the *Berliner Tageblatt*, Berlin)

THIS time there will be no lack of critics and criticism. Poor Fallada. He will have a hard time, for a good many people believe that he is writing too much. It is the almost 'recognized' prerogative of the painter to be praised for having enough energy to paint a lot of pictures, but since the time of Calderón and López, since the time of Dumas and a few others, the prolific writer has been held in low esteem in spite of the example of Balzac. Fallada has, of course, worked really hard of late. After his big realistic novel, *Bauern, Bonzen und Bomben*, and his touching story of *Kleiner Mann* had established his position as a novelist, came his great story of the life of an ex-convict under the title, *Wer einmal aus dem Blechnapf frisst*, and now scarcely six months later he again appears on the market with another fat novel. Nevertheless, the reproach cannot be raised that Fallada's rapid production has prevented him from working out his material thoroughly enough or giving it form.

Another objection of a more serious nature can, however, be made. In this novel his delight in detail and long-spun anecdotes throws the book out of balance, and the main thread of the story disappears in a mass of minor details. But these Döntjes, whom he has not 'discovered' and could not discover, but who live somewhere in Pomerania or Mecklenburg, are so warm and alive that it would be a mortal sin if the author did not let them speak through their own mouths and made any attempt to throttle them. Moreover, it is in the best tradition of the German novel to surround the story one is telling with numerous incidental anecdotes. And what superb stories they are—the one about 'Superdent' Marder and his billy-goat and the other about Marder's visit to the hotel and his progress to the churchyard. These did not appear in the serialization of the novel and thus cut its length fully in half. Such tales, filled with humor and a pessimistic understanding of humanity, enrich our literature, and who would forego, in spite of their coarseness, such brilliant episodes as the one in which young Hannes finds his father, sitting with a bottle of brandy on a milestone and wanting to end it all, and brings him home?

The most serious reproach still remains. It is that the stories are artificial and too full of adventure to be true; and that the hero undergoes no inner development but remains the same from the first page to the last; and that the end of the story does not come to any conclusion or offer any solution. It is merely a cessation, an arbitrary stoppage. Now I believe that the conclusion is just, that is to say, that in view of the hero's character it could take no other form. Moreover, this character is just since such types, incapable of development, do exist in the world. Perhaps there is a little too much adventure here and

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there, but the same objection might be raised to stories that are set against a background of the sea where there is a great deal that is brilliant and wild, even to-day. Furthermore, the realities of village life are not unduly ignored. Fallada does not have to improvise here. He knows peasant life at first hand, and, when he is in a stable, he is able to see what is going on behind the doors and walls.

In spite of numerous romantic scenes, this book is fantastically close to life. It will therefore have no difficulty in making its own way, and at a later date people will perhaps characterize some peasant type with all his inner power by saying, 'He is just like—what was his name in Fallada's book? Yes, like Hannes Gäntschow.'

DEUTSCHER SOZIALISMUS. *By Werner Sombart. Charlottenburg: Verlag Buchholz und Weisswange. 1934.*

(From the *Neues Wiener Tagblatt*, Vienna)

IT DID N'T do the assiduous and competent Herr Werner Sombart the least good, not the least good in the world, to have preached seventy per cent of the doctrines of National Socialism in his latest book. National Socialism is a jealous god, and any one who does not give it complete, unqualified submission is barred from the temple. And that is just what has happened to Herr Werner Sombart, who has been criticized by the *Völkische Beobachter*, one of the relentless Torquemadas of the new German inquisition, for not participating in the 'new-life feeling.' What this new-life feeling may be remains, of course, a mystery. One either has it or one has n't it, and Sombart evidently lacks it. 'Sombart,' thunders the *Völkische Beobachter*, 'is a classical example of what we do not want to have written in our books.'

Thus an accomplished economist shares the same fate that was meted out to the incomparably more profound and worthy Oswald Spengler. In Spengler's case, too, it availed him nothing that his renowned work, *Years of Decision*, advocated the heroic philosophy of life and provided National Socialism with an interesting body of thought—something with which the movement is not oversupplied. But Spengler had the courage to speak with aristocratic disdain of the 'insignificant millions' who make up the rank-and-file of the Swastika movement, and he had the still greater courage to speak contemptuously of the demagogic methods by which these 'insignificant millions' are captivated. This was enough to bring this most German of all German thinkers on the *Index Expurgatorius* of National Socialism.

And now to return to Werner Sombart. The *corpus delicti* is his latest work, *German Socialism*. In this book he continues the task that this dean of German academic Socialists began in the 1880's and 1890's, to wit, his opposition to the bourgeois spirit and to free economics. This Berlin national economist, who in his day sang the praises of capitalism, now regards that economic form as pure destruction and exploitation. Sombart also attacks capitalism because it has led to despiritualization, materialism, and uniformity. Of course, there is a kernel of truth in the arguments that Sombart marshals against capitalism. But in order to overcome these defects it is not necessary to throw the baby out with the bath.

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For the evils that Sombart attacks are not the consequences of the social system but much more of modern technique, which the future state of this Berlin national economist will not be able to dispense with. Sombart gives the illusion that the new state will succeed in taming technique. By this he means that it will submit everything that has to do with inventions to strong state control, but it is clear that such measures would inevitably lead to precisely the uniformity of spiritual life that he so bitterly opposes.

'German Socialism' is now to replace capitalism and do away with free economics. It expresses itself chiefly in planned economy and autarky. The essence of planned economy is totality and unity, which means that the planning must come from one central body. Here we encounter Sombart's outstanding contradictions. He opposes capitalism because it stands on a rational basis and strangles private initiative. Yet at the same time he advocates planned economy, which means nothing more or less than increased rationalization and the degradation of the entrepreneur to a cog in the state machinery, where he will lose all freedom of movement. It is significant of Sombart's thought that he does not oppose Marxism because it advocates the socialization of economic life, to which the totalitarian state must ultimately lead, but he opposes it on the ground that Marxism has taken over bourgeois thought in its theory of progress and its emphasis on human happiness. Sombart calls an economy of autarky 'one that does not occupy a condition of inferiority because of its dependence on connections with other nations, in other words, one that is not forced to resort to foreign trade in order to exist but that freely imports and exports whatever it pleases.' Sombart has no use for the international division of labor but succumbs to the illusion that in a period of world economics one country can permanently regulate its foreign trade as it sees fit.

More striking than Sombart's economic theories is the martial spirit that pervades his book. Whereas the bourgeois world regards war as a scourge, Sombart succumbs to a romantic view of war, which merely brings grist to the mills of Germany's enemies. The Berlin national economist accuses the 'cultured' nations, with the exception of Germany, that they do not regard war as an end in itself but rather as a measure of promoting security. 'The army takes the form of a protective police. Armaments differ in no way from the measures one takes to secure one's self against thieves.'

Sombart even goes so far as to maintain that sport can be justified only if it serves to develop the warrior, and the social aspects of the future state that Sombart foresees must therefore possess a military character. In the new order the soldier will occupy first place, and economics shall come last. In the economic sphere, however, agriculture shall take precedence. Distinctions will also be drawn between big and small businesses, and the big businesses will stand on the lowest plane of all. 'Big concerns, especially big industrial concerns, in their modern unspiritual form, are to be considered as an evil, though perhaps under certain circumstances as a necessary evil.'

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The hierarchy of professions will also take a definite form, depending on the extent to which they serve the discipline of the state. Thus the military profession will outrank the literary profession and so on. In Sombart's future state a second-rate book on the art of war will be more highly valued than a poem of Goethe's or a piece of Beethoven's music. The individual citizen in the future community has no rights whatever, only duties. 'The assumption that everything is permitted that is not specifically forbidden will not be tolerated. Only that will be permitted that is specifically recognized as being permitted.' Thus the state will never protect the individual as such but only the group to which he belongs.

One would suppose that such ideas would have won this Berlin professor the approval of National Socialism. The reason he has not gained it is that his national and racial conceptions do not measure up to the requirements of the most rigid orthodoxy. On the question of racial purity, he speaks without the respect that is required. He asserts that little is known about the racial composition of the German people. In the light of our present knowledge all that can surely be said is that the Germans are a mixed race including Celts, Germans, Slavs, Romans, Huns, Lithuanians, Magyars, and Jews and that each of these elements in turn represents a racial mixture. The Berlin national economist also attacks the fashionable National-Socialist doctrine that everything not of Nordic origin is not German and therefore to be despised. In putting forward his thesis, he calls attention to those advocates of National Socialism—Paul Lagarde and Ernst Moritz Arndt—who conclusively proved that German culture does not owe its origin and growth to Nordic influences. What Paul Lagarde once said to the racial fanatics still holds true: 'Everything that comes from these non-Nordic influences and that is valuable shall be maintained and bound up in a single unity, otherwise the German soul will be destroyed.'

Sombart understands the word 'nation' to mean 'the political association in its striving toward a purpose.' Therefore he asserts that nation and state mean the same thing. His contention that a common speech is no more the sign of a nation than common descent is also interesting. This stands out in sharp contrast to the contention of the National Socialists, who have based their party programme on the doctrine of common descent or common blood. There is no validity in Sombart's statement that the alteration of boundaries changes the nationality of the people living within those boundaries. Such a doctrine would be utterly fatal to the German people, many of whom live as minority groups in almost every country.

DEUTSCHLAND VON DRAUSSEN GESEHEN. *By Hans Steinsdorff. Berlin: Alfred Metzner Verlag. 1934.*

(Friedrich Sieburg in the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, Frankfurt)

NO FOREIGN country provides an accurate mirror. Every one of them reflects an altered or warped picture of us. A series of articles just gathered together by Hans Steinsdorff and published under the title, *Germany Seen from Abroad*, endeavors to present a series of such reflections, and

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the first contribution, which comes from France, illustrates the shortcomings of them all. Eugen Feihl, the author of the French contribution, has had an opportunity to compare Germany with the surrounding world. Feihl knows his material from the ground up, having dealt with it for many years as a newspaper correspondent. His contribution deserves the attention of many readers since it attempts to work out a fundamental point of view on Franco-German relationships and, when necessary, to challenge existing ideas.

It is clear to him how difficult, how almost hopeless it is to compare the two peoples with each other and to reduce their eternal conflict to any formula. The difference between the two nations' ages provides material for observations that hold true at the moment but that hardly serve as the basis for a lasting judgment. One can describe the conditions under which a people lives, but it is a bold undertaking to attempt to describe their character. Feihl draws the famous and rightly criticized contrast between the 'dynamic' French and the 'static' Germans, which, like almost all banal comparisons between two nations, is striking enough but is largely based on momentary conditions. To-day more than ever it is possible to imagine that a time will arrive when Germany will have so fulfilled its natural character that it can be spoken of as a static country—in other words, a country that has achieved complete balance between its political desires and its objective possibilities. The French are individualists *par excellence*, whatever Feihl's opinions on the subject may be, although individualism is by no means identical with the impulse to follow the course one's own intellect dictates. Certainly, the ideas of most Frenchmen are of a uniform variety. One could even go further and say that, basically, all Frenchmen have the same ideal in life. But this ideal has an individualistic content. Though all Frenchmen want to live in the same way, each Frenchman wants to live for himself and not for the community. His occasional tremendous sacrifices for others merely serve to assure and defend his own way of life.

This state of mind can exist only when the desire for national formation has been completely fulfilled. Germany is still in the process of creating its national formation, and it would be a mistake to regard Stendhal's words as an insult when he said that 'the Germans are a sentimental nation that is almost dying of its desire to possess a character.' By this he did not mean moral character but the possession of some national conformation, and the desire for this is certainly the most powerful force in the new Germany. Fundamentally, the world is criticizing something much more profound than the unrest, immaturity, and extremism that it believes must be charged against Germany to-day. The Franco-German antithesis that obsesses our neighbors so much is more than a political manifestation. It almost amounts to a struggle between two different souls that dwell in the breast of every Frenchman. The Frenchman discovers in Germany's character not only what he is fighting against in himself but also something that he cannot attain. That is why the French attitude toward our country often has such a highly personal quality. Not

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only is Feihl irked by the independent philosophy of the French, he is even forced to attack all nations that have to do with France and that are not completely blinded by the charm of that country. Indeed, the Frenchman never seems completely satisfied with himself but always remains disturbed. And the German seems unable to view France as a whole with tolerance.

If the author believes that French understanding of Germany has increased since National Socialism seized power, he is on the whole quite right in view of the almost unanimous judgments that come to us from France every day. France used to show much more good will toward us, but it was built on a false conception of our country, on a fatal tendency to talk of 'two Germanys.' To-day the French are relentless, but they are better able than before to see Germany as a whole. The illusion that the Reich could return once again to the romantic period of 'poets and thinkers' has gradually disappeared. French abhorrence of our 'barbarism' arises from the mortified sensation that the Germans are at least 'doing something' to save themselves from the economic and moral collapse that has overcome the world, and this aspect of German dynamics has seldom been so accurately understood by the French as at this moment.

But men like Feihl are going too far if they draw the conclusion that French democracy is in danger of succumbing to the influence of National-Socialist ideas. It is no compliment to the rulers of the new Germany to state that they prophesy an impending collapse of French parliamentarism. German foreign policy desires an honorable understanding with France and holds itself completely aloof from the domestic affairs of other countries. It does not reckon on the collapse of the political system that surrounds us.

If our leaders were to make any such reckoning, they would fall into an unforgivable error, which Feihl justly refers to as the illusion of cultural understanding. The real settlement with France can develop only on a basis of realistic politics, and France has always been weak in this department, as her attitude toward the Soviets in recent months has shown, the very idea of which is completely foreign to the French people. The moment the leaders of French foreign policy give up the idea that French security is threatened, there will be no obstacle to working out a political understanding that will do away with the Franco-German conflict. This conflict is nourished by fear on the part of the French. We wish that Feihl's valuable essay had said more about this fear instead of going in for fruitless, bitter polemics against unnamed German authors. For fear is the favorite instrument on which present French foreign policy plays its offensive tune.

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LETTERS AND THE ARTS

Nazi Literature for Children

IT IS interesting that the most objective reports of Germany's 'cultural' development come from the Soviet press. Last month we translated an article describing the plight of the German movie industry; this month we came across V. Petrova's and A. Vibakh's equally penetrating report of Nazi literature for children.

After the dissolution of the Boy Scouts, the Catholic youth organizations, and so forth, the direction of Germany's young people was entrusted to two complementary groups—the Hitlerite Youth, which includes boys over fourteen years of age, and the Jungvolk, for children between eight and fourteen. Both these organizations are under the leadership of Baldur von Schirach, poet and gentleman of questionable reputation, who edits two papers for young people—*Jungvolk* and *Wille und Macht*.

Here is a typical story taken from the pages of *Jungvolk:* two groups of boys set out together on a long excursion. During the night the first group steals the traveling bag belonging to the second. The next morning the boys who have lost their bag organize a campaign to retrieve their property and punish the offenders. Two boys are left on guard while the others scout the woods for the enemy. When they return after a fruitless search, they find their two guards badly beaten and firmly bound to a window frame. After the victims are set free, the boys pronounce a mighty oath of revenge and set out anew. This time luck is on their side: they find the enemy skating on the pond, which becomes the scene of a fierce battle. The idea is to injure the opponent as thoroughly as possible; the more bloodshed the better. No punishment is too great for stealing a traveling bag. The story ends in a magnificent apotheosis of broken limbs, rivers of blood, and dozens of boys crashing through the none too firm ice on the pond. To appreciate this lovely tale one would presumably have to read it in the original, which scorns 'cultured' German speech and prefers the language of the street. The oaths that these twelve-year-old boys utter would do credit to hardened thieves.

The rest of the stories and poems in *Jungvolk* for 1934 bear out the original theme—the idealization of fighting among children, the glorification of power, which generally expresses itself in reckless motorcycling, theft, brigandage, and so on. The bourgeois virtues of respect for civil rights, hygiene, individual and public safety are laughed at in a magazine that teaches its readers to regard such things as 'old women's talk.'

Militarism is reinforced with mysticism. In *Jungvolk* we find the following lines: 'The Brown boys lie awake at night. In the forest a goat whines, and the screech owl sends its mournful cry into the still night. The children lie huddled together. The leader is talking to them, and they feel the presence of something that is with them but has no name.' And, later: 'A column is marching. Night. The men in the first ranks sing a song. A peasants' and a soldiers' song; and their eyes sparkle as they sing. Firmly the boys march and sing of death, which calmly stalks along the battlefield.'

Wille und Macht outlines a speech by Baldur von Schirach, in which he proclaimed the people's blind allegiance to the Leader, and then it publishes a poem that expresses the writer's supreme faith in Hitler:—

'We swear to follow you
And no one—not even you—can
make us untrue to our oath.
No, not even you. Only death,
Which is the realization of life.'

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The same spirit pervades the drama that is presented to the young readers of *Jungvolk* and *Wille und Macht*. Take, for instance, a play that deals with the Reformation and that attempts to amaze the spectator by an overwhelming number of scenes, which depict episodes from Luther's life, episodes many of which never took place except in the chaotic imagination of the writer, who does not hesitate to have Luther die at the stake. And, as the critic of *Wille und Macht* says, the truth of an historical drama does not matter—what matters is the impression. Indeed, we must give the author due credit—seeing Luther burned at the stake is 'impressive.'

The obviousness of this 'literature' discourages any kind of discussion. What the writers want is to train the youth of the country for new wars by idealizing the military life and mystical, unthinking faith in the Leader. It might be interesting to know to what extent they have succeeded in captivating the imaginations of their young readers. But that is something that even the most objective Soviet journalist cannot tell us.

The 'Dirtiest' Picture

THE Russian cinema industry has enlarged its audience to include the very youngest members of Soviet society. *The Dirtiest of Them All*, which is the first of a series of films for children under five years of age, tells the story of little Vania, who refused to wash.

The picture opens with Vania's parents dragging him to the bath tub, but they no sooner get him in than the water spouts up in a mud-brown geyser, floods the apartment, and cascades down the stairs. The amazed tenants rush out and decide to bathe Vania in the river. But the river rebels, turns black, and the dismayed laundresses pull out their shirts and towels coal-black. Even the little boys swimming in the river emerge as chimney-sweeps. Vania, noticing the weariness of his self-appointed 'scrubbers,' escapes and comes to a collective farm where the indignant cat, dog, and geese chase the dirty little boy into a pig pen. Amazed at the cleanliness of the sow and her shoats in their white-tiled home, Vania decides that he, too, wants to be clean.

Coming at a time when the Government is trying to induce its adult citizens to shave, wear clean collars, and wash their hands before sitting down to eat, *The Dirtiest of Them All* is especially significant. Under the able direction of Stepanov, however, it has been made into a delightful grotesque comedy that blends the real and the fantastic so subtly that the last in no way detracts from the first. The children who see a bath tub turn into a geyser will not therefore have less faith in Vania's miraculous conversion to the gospel of cleanliness. Thus *The Dirtiest of Them All* —with a bit of praise for Soviet hog raising thrown in—succeeds in making the imagination a handmaiden of hygienic living.

Piscator's First Talkie

ERWIN PISCATOR, the pastor's son who became the greatest producer of proletarian dramas in pre-Hitlerite Germany, has moved to Moscow where his first talking picture has just made its appearance. Entitled *Revolt of the Fishermen* and based on a German novel by Anna Seghers, it met with such sharp criticism from the Russian movie director, Pudovkin, that the Nazi press proclaimed that even the Russians could not stomach Piscator. But it made such a hit with the public that it is playing to twenty thousand people a day in seven different Moscow theatres.

Ernst Ottwalt, writing from the Soviet Union for the *Neue Weltbühne* of Prague, says that *Revolt of the Fishermen* marks as great an advance in talking-picture technique as the Russian films of half a dozen years ago marked in the technique of the

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silent film. The plot deals with a fishermen's strike in a small German village. A revolutionary agitator named Hull tries to organize the workers, but some of them adopt anarchistic tactics and others serve with the Nazis as strikebreakers. Finally, a fisherman named Kedeneck is killed, and his funeral turns into an enormous demonstration, which reaches a climax when a united front is formed. Here is the way Herr Ottwalt describes the funeral:—

'The closing part of *Revolt of the Fishermen* unquestionably is to be numbered among the most powerful achievements of the sound film. The endless parade of the fishermen carrying the dead Kedeneck to his grave winds like a snake down the hill to the churchyard. Piscator, the realist, has decked out the hungry, impoverished little fishermen in frock coats and top hats. Flags flutter, and the village choir sings a sad funeral air loudly and out of tune. The gigantic parade of a thousand people is broken by wild scenes showing the pursuit of the revolutionary, Hull, in the abandoned fishing village, all the inhabitants of which have gone to the cemetery. There are constant flashes showing the mourners, the high hats, and the choir.

'The funeral procession meets the little group of *lumpen* proletarians who are still at work as strikebreakers. The young anarchist, Andreas, goes out to the trawler to blow it up. The pastor delivers his funeral sermon. The atmosphere of a churchyard in summer is captured with extraordinary reality. Most of the mourners become disturbed, for they do not understand what the pastor means by his dark references to crime and punishment.

'"Speak out and say that Kedeneck was right," shouts an old fisherman. "God Himself shot Kedeneck," cries the pastor. And over the wild tumult of dispute that follows roars the thunder of the exploding strikebreaking trawler. The cemetery remains empty and deserted. Kedeneck's widow lies silent across his coffin. The fishermen stand on the edge of the dunes watching the flight of young Andreas, who will be arrested by soldiers on the shore. He flees, comes closer, and finally falls victim to the shots of his pursuers. That is the signal for open battle.'

Here is the way the technique of the picture is described: 'Piscator's film was criticized for being too full of pathos and symbolism. *Revolt of the Fishermen* is a film of pathos in so far as speech is not used here as a purely accessory device but has instead a value of its own. Piscator's efforts in this direction go so far that he has whole passages accompanied by a choir singing, thus adding significance to the action and preparing for action yet to come. This experiment is a problematical one, but it gives rise, in the long run, to serious thought in respect to the direction of a film with sound. This experiment also arouses the stupid opposition of those who do not believe that the author should collaborate at all in making a picture with sound effects and that everything should be left to the acrobatics of the omnipotent director.

'Piscator is also quite right to use symbolism in *Revolt of the Fishermen*. But what kind of symbolism? In the meeting of the fishermen a revolutionary replies to the phrase, "We are all human," by pointing out that a shark is also a fish. This statement makes the fishermen break out laughing, and one still remembers a terrible scene in the early part of the film: a trawler emptying its net deposited a huge shark along with the other fish. Its body was wracked by the pains of death, but a floundering mass of fish was still sticking out of the mouth of the desperate marauder until it finally swallowed its prey. I cannot imagine a more striking symbol of Fascism.'

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THE SCIENCES AND SOCIETY

KENYA COLONY, one of the jewels in the somewhat battered crown of the British Empire, comprises about 224,000 square miles of the most productive land in East Africa, inhabited by slightly over 3,000,000 people, of whom less than 20,000 are white Europeans. Rubber can be grown there; enough cotton can be raised, so experts claim, to make the Empire independent of the American supply; coffee, maize, and other food crops flourish—some of them twice a year; and there are immense possibilities for livestock development. The recent discovery of gold on the Kenya native reserves has led to further plans for large-scale exploitation—on the assumption, apparently, that it is more 'useful' when stored in subterranean bank vaults under heavy guard than when locked up in placer gravel or in lumps of ore. More to the point in a 'chemical age' is the fact that on and around Lake Magadi lie perhaps the largest deposits of natural soda in the world: 348 square miles of these valuable deposits have been turned over by the Kenya Government to the sole use of the colossal Imperial Chemical Industries, Ltd., an account of whose world-ranging activities was published in the October LIVING AGE.

Nevertheless, all is decidedly not well in Kenya Colony. Aside from the numerous grave economic disorders resulting from the Empire Government's policy of land reservation and imperialist exploitation of its natural resources, health problems seriously affect the native population. The leading editorial in a recent issue of *Nature* (London) summarizes a few of these difficulties.

DR. H. L. GORDON, of Nairobi, the capital and big-game centre of the Colony, has been conducting researches into the brain capacity and mental ability of the native Africans of Kenya Colony. An examination of the skulls of 3,444 unselected natives (adult males) and of 100 skulls belonging to definitely 'normal' individuals showed that the 'cranial capacity' averaged 1,316 cubic centimetres, about 150 grams less by weight than the brain of an 'average' European. This fact alone is insufficient to prove mental inferiority (Sir Arthur Keith gives a range in cranial capacity of human beings of 1,000 cubic centimetres), but Dr. Vint, a government pathologist, claims to have discovered that the brains of Kenya natives reveal a quantitative deficiency of 15 per cent in the cortex, the extremely important cells of which are also smaller, less well arranged and shaped than in the European brain. Commenting on these facts, *Nature* pointedly asks, 'From what social class are the European figures derived, educated or uncultured?' On the basis of his observations, Dr. Gordon feels justified in asserting that the brain of a native African attains its maximum development at the age of 18, diminishing thereafter; that the average mental age of educated Africans corresponds to a European schoolboy of under 11 years; and that senility may be expected at any age after 35—certainly long before 60.

TAKEN BY THEMSELVES, such figures look like another attempt to establish the 'racial superiority' of Aryans over all other stocks. From them Dr. Gordon is content to infer merely 'that European education is not suited to the intellectual capacity of the African but sets up a series of strains and stresses affecting mental stability, which all but the most robust are unable to withstand.'

From the words, 'all but the most robust,' it would appear that the 'European' education requires a very athletic disposition and that a physiologically weak organism is unable to learn the

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three R's. The mystery is solved by certain other figures touching on the health and hygiene of the African natives under benevolent British imperial rule. *Nature* proceeds to cite from the material illustrating 'the astonishing multiplicity of diseases in the individual native' of Africa, as gathered and presented by Dr. J. H. Sequeira in 1932. We learn, for example, that the child mortality in Kenya Colony ranges from 125 to 400 per thousand births (contrast with 68 in the United Kingdom—and 129 in one working-class ward of Glasgow) and that from 94 to 98 per cent of the native children under 10 years carry traces of chronic malarial infection. In one reformatory, 75 per cent of the boys were—as the inhabitants of *Erewhon* might say—'guilty' of hookworm, and throughout the Colony 'pneumonia of pneumococcal origin is especially fatal and widespread.' The strenuous demands of a 'European' education (as adjusted for the special needs of the African natives) is further illustrated by such facts as these: 'Among 16,754 men called up for enlistment as carriers, 10,912 were rejected on medical grounds and a further 17 per cent fell out on the march to Nairobi; and in a railway job employing 14,400 men, the death rate was 35.4 per thousand and admissions to hospitals were 5,331.'

The extremely complicated problem of mental ability is thus, once again, seen to be hopelessly involved with the more concrete, if equally complex, problems of physical condition: as *Nature* puts it, with characteristic understatement, 'While lack of sanitation and ignorance are largely responsible for these conditions, the fundamental cause is generally held to be malnutrition'; and the editorial quotes, with approval, the comment on these same facts by the distinguished scientist, Sir Grafton Elliot Smith: 'No one would be foolish enough to suppose that the examination of the brain alone is likely to explain the mental qualities of the native,' however essential it may be to a 'preliminary reconnoissance for the investigation of a problem of extraordinary difficulty and complexity.'

THE SAAR PROBLEM—frequently discussed in these pages—is basically a problem in what the Germans call *Geopolitik:* freely translated, 'resource-strategy.' A timely article on 'The Geographic Background of the Saar Problem' by Dr. Hubert A. Bauer, published in the October *Geographic Review*, throws considerable light on the material factors underlying the dangerous political tension created in this territory by the approaching plebiscite.

Of primary significance is the intimate geological and geographic relationship binding the rich coal fields of the Saar to the equally rich iron ore deposits of the neighboring Lorraine district. (It will be remembered that both of these areas were under German control until the Treaty of Versailles.) Dr. Hermann Röchling, one of the most powerful of the German industrialists in the Saar and always a bitter enemy of French interests, contends that this relationship—duplicated only in the Birmingham, Alabama, district—is superior to all political boundaries. (Why, then, it may be asked, does he support the Nazis so fervently?) Lorraine minette ore has long been a major factor in the European iron and steel industry, while Saar coal, despite its inferior coking qualities, is indispensable for a great variety of industrial and power uses throughout the area. Furthermore, technical improvements in coking and in by-product utilization (gas, tar, ammonium sulphate, motor oil, etc.) added to cheaper freight rates as compared with Rhenish, Westphalian, and English districts, give the Saar coal a stronger position in the European heavy-industry complex.

DURING THE period when German interests controlled the iron mines of Lorraine, the German-owned steel mills

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of the Saar were able to flourish on the production of so-called 'Thomas steel' (a development of the Bessemer pneumatic process). With the passing of Lorraine to French control, prices of the minette ore rose almost 100 per cent, forcing the Saar mills to costly readjustments that would permit the making of 'Martin steel' from scrap iron. That the German iron and steel industry succeeded in making the change is well known from the success of her post-war products on the world market, but the problem of growing French control in the Saar remained to embarrass what Ernst Henri has called 'the dynamics of the Ruhr.' We see this in the fact that in 1932 Germany consumed only one-fourth of its former share of Saar coal, whereas French railways and gas plants used more. A return of the Saar to Germany would, without doubt, sharply increase the cost of this excellent fuel to French consumers; and there is the added annoyance that newly-opened Saar mines in the neighborhood of Lorraine are by no means a compensation, for the coal seams here are very poor in the 'fat coal,' which is precisely the type most needed by French industry. An escape from this dilemma through such waterway projects as the Saar-Moselle canal would impose economic penalties on the South German market, although another plan to connect Metz and the Lorraine section of the Saar coalfields with a canal may favor amicable economic relations between the two contestants for supremacy in this much-harassed area.

It must be said also that, during its 15 years of control, French industry has done little or nothing to improve its management of the Saar mines. Decreasing efficiency and crude exploitation have been the rule, with resulting discontent among the 27½ per cent of the population engaged in mining. Nor has any effort been made to introduce modern methods like those that have increased the efficiency of the Westphalian fields by 47 per cent during the past ten years.

Dr. Bauer concludes his very informative account with this terse summary:—

'The formidable *bloc de charbon*, from which the Saar population will draw its very life-blood in the future as it has done in the past, is not only geographically a keystone between French and German lands; it is also destined to play a keystone rôle in the future economic relations between the two great rivals on either side of the Saar.'

GERMAN SCIENCE and education, not so long ago supreme in western culture, are rapidly being 'coördinated' with the Nazi totalitarian state. Under the heading, 'Germany's New Academies,' the *Manchester Guardian's* Berlin correspondent describes as follows the new National-Socialist educational system directed by Dr. Rust:—

Neither the relaxing ideals of the 'humanities' nor the stern rigors of pure science have any place in a society the highest aim of which is to build up character and virtue in the sole authorized descendants of the mighty Aryans. 'The classical triad of gymnastic, musical, and political education' is to be supreme, and the aspirant to Nazi honors will receive instruction in such subjects as motor-car driving and aërial flying, sporting and quasi-military physical exercises, theory and practice of the Storm Troops, aërial gliding and motor-cycling, fencing, riding, and other subjects calculated to improve muscular, if not intellectual, power. Naturally, enough mathematics, history, and literature will be given to help the blue-eyed heroes to realize the immense significance of the rôle to be played by Germany in world history for the next thousand years.

That this is all intended in utter seriousness is shown by a recent speech of Herr Hans Frank, Nazi Commissioner for the Judiciary. Speaking on educational problems Herr Frank issued a stern warning that scientists and learned men were to bury all their 'academic' quarrels and

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'theoretical' disputes in a common grave and unite in a whole-hearted glorification of Nazi ideals, irrespective of the violence thereby done to their own people or to humanity.

THE SCIENTIST who is conscientiously trying to keep up with what is going on in the scientific world—or even only in his own small section of it—is faced with a problem known by the official designation of *A World List of Scientific Periodicals Published in the Years 1900–1933*. The *World List* records more than 36,000 individual titles of periodical publications, issued in numerous countries and many languages. This is 10,000 more titles than appeared in the first edition, covering the years 1900–1921, and represents an average increase of nearly 1,000 publications per year. A volume of nearly 800 pages is required merely to list these items.

On the basis of language alone (irrespective of subject-matter) the entries are divided into 18 classes, of which the five most prominent are distributed as follows:—

English	13,494	periodicals
German	6,186	"
French	5,013	"
Russian	1,833	"
Italian	1,667	"

'If,' as Sir Charles Sherrington remarks in commenting upon this *World List*, 'periodicals constitute the main bulk of scientific literature' the attempt to secure anything like a well-rounded view of science in general, or of any science in particular, becomes more and more like the proverbial search for the needle in the haystack.

SIGNIFICANT PROOF of the increasing seriousness of malnutrition in modern life—particularly as it affects Great Britain—is offered in the first four *Bulletins* published by the recently organized Committee against Malnutrition, with headquarters in London. This Committee, which has enlisted the sympathy and active aid of numerous associates in the medical and allied professions, has publicly announced its general agreement on the following points:—

1. That there exists in this country widespread undernourishment among the families of unemployed and low-paid workers.

2. That this must lead to a steady deterioration in the physical standards and health of the population; and of this deterioration there are already signs.

3. That the last thing upon which a community must economize is the nutrition of its working class.

Without specific political affiliations (of the Right or Left) and with no programme of economic or political reform, the Committee proposes to conduct thoroughgoing investigations into the living condition of the deprived classes in Great Britain and to give the widest possible publicity to its findings. To judge from its *Bulletins*, a very considerable body of material has already been gathered on such subjects as 'Diet Standards,' 'Nutritional Anæmias,' 'The Frustration of Medicine.' Of particular value are the surveys submitted by the official medical and health officers of England, summarizing the conditions in their communities. One example, the very district that turned down Sir Oswald Mosley, the 1926 candidate for election on the Labor ticket, is grimly characteristic of scores of communities throughout the British Isles today:—

Smethwick, Medical Officer of Health (1932): 'The poorer classes in Smethwick to-day are consuming an insufficient amount of the basic articles of diet. The consumption of milk is deplorably low, especially among the children and expectant and nursing mothers . . . The maternal mortality rate increased from 1.95 to 5.43 per thousand births. I attribute a considerable proportion of these deaths to poor nutrition on the part of the mother . . .' —HAROLD WARD

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AS OTHERS SEE US

America Laughs at Herself

JOHN GARRETT, one of the many light essayists whose work enlivens the *New Statesman and Nation*, discusses as follows America's capacity for self-criticism in the form of laughter:—

Maybe it is all a question of manners. On this side we hesitate—even if the law permitted it—to ascribe to our rulers anything but worthy motives. They may be stupid, but they are well-intentioned. Such a sketch as 'The Hoovers Leave the White House' in the revue *As Thousands Cheer* would be inconceivable here. Mrs. Hoover is represented as removing with her as much as she can carry. The spoons, the radio aërial, even the Gilbert Stuart portrait of George Washington himself, nothing is sacred from her determination to leave nothing behind 'for those damned Roosevelts.' Her husband remonstrates, but he is brushed aside with 'Well, Herbert, we ought to get *something* out of your being President.' To which he replies: 'Why? No one else did.' And the audience rises to a man.

A comparison of *Punch* with the *New Yorker* is all the difference between mother's milk and vitriol. But America likes the savage satire of Peter Arno, and for wholehearted hatred of all that is cruel, narrow, and intolerant, expressed in terms of paint, a contemporary picture in a Baltimore exhibition, called 'Daughters of Revolution,' is without equal. When Americans criticize they do it with no half-hearted anger. It is the mood of Ben Jonson at his most savage, the mood in which he wrote *The Alchemist*, that astonishingly modern exposure of quackery. England could do to-day with another Jonson to expose the quackeries that beset pseudoanalysis.

In a country where a new craze is born overnight there is need for the laughter that exposes folly. A new cause is Universalism, which claims that the whole world is awaiting the solar system. Its manifesto proclaims that the color of Universalism is white, its flag is white, its shirt—notice this practical touch, for no cause can hope for survival with no shirt to its back—is white, 'white as the light of love.' This latest activity of the charlatan in religion calls for the pen of Mr. Sinclair Lewis for its chastisement. But, the more's the pity, Mr. Lewis seems to be coming to terms with the world that yesterday was his anathema. For fourteen years he has 'rubb'd the sore' and withheld 'the plaster.' Now he has abandoned his contemplated novel on trade unionism in the U. S. A., after a year spent in the company of Labor leaders learning the map of the country. Instead he produces *Work of Art*, a novel drained of his ferocity of indignation (and therefore of his merit) and extolling the virtues of a man who gets quietly on with his job. Maybe he has wearied of cauterizing the nation, but the nation is the poorer for his defection. Poorer because America has always been more willing to listen to Mr. Lewis than has England to her own critics. Poorer, too, because in a country where revolutionary changes can occur in the space of a few weeks the ground is more promising for the fruitful work of critic and satirist. George Meredith's words on the comic spirit express at once the need for satiric criticism and the response that America is making to the urgency of need, for the critics are for the most part proving equal to their moment: 'Whenever it sees men self-deceived or hoodwinked, given to run riot in idolatries, drifting into vanities, congregating in absurdities; whenever they are at variance with their professions and

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violate the unwritten laws binding them in consideration one to another—the spirit overhead will look humanely malign and cast an oblique light on them, followed by volleys of silvery laughter.' But in America what follows is more profitably the poison gas of satire than the innocent laughter of comedy.

Joseph Roth on America

JOSEPH ROTH, an exiled German author who is best known in the United States for his novels, *Job* and *Radetzky March*, has completed a new book, *Der Antichrist*, which the Verlag Allert de Lange of Amsterdam has just published. Here is a passage devoted to America:—

I go into the country where the buildings are so high that they scrape the skies. Therefore they are called skyscrapers. The land is huge and wide, but expensive. For that reason the people there do not build one house beside the other but one house over the other, for the air costs nothing there. Since the people are bound to the earth, they are all the more eager to scrape the skies. And it is from this that they draw their pride.

In this country, if a man has a yellow or black skin, he cannot sit in the same room with a man whose skin is white. In this country there are thousands of churches. But in these churches money is collected with the aid of piety. The people carry the name of God on their lips as one speaks of a rich and distinguished uncle, who adds to one's prestige if one mentions that one is his nephew. Many men in this country are not the children but the nephews of God; the heirs of God. The poor pray to Him for money, and the rich pray to Him for more money. And often God acts in this country as if He were a rich uncle. He gives money to many poor people, and to many of the rich He gives still more money. He multiplies the factory chimneys and the alms of the beggar, and He often hardens the hearts of the strong, and He often breaks the hearts of the weak, and He gives to them that have and takes away from them that have not.

His laws are strange in this country. The value of a man is based on his power. Liberty stands as a statue at the country's gates; she has been exiled. And she has turned to stone. I also visited Hollywood, or *Hölle-Wut* (Hell-Rage), the place where Hell rages, that is to say, where men are the shades of their own shadows. That is the origin of all the shadows in the world, the Hades that sells its shadows for money, the shadows of the living and of the dead, to all the screens throughout the world. There the possessors of usable shadows gather together and sell them for money and are spoken of in worshipful and holy fashion, each in accordance with the importance of his shadow. There it comes to pass that one meets men and women in the street, living people, who are not even the shades of their own shadows, like the actors in the cinema, but are even less than that—the shades of the shadows of others.

It is also a Hades that not only dispatches its shadows *to* the screen but also dispatches *from* the screen the living people whose shadows can no longer be sold. It makes shades of its shadows. That is Hollywood. Hell rages. There is a tumult composed of the men who finance the shadow-players, the shadow-dealers, the shadow-brokers, who are called directors, the shadow-conspirators, and the shadow-lenders. And there are many who sell their own voices to the shadow of another, who speaks another language. And I saw there, in the factories, what the shadows sell, in big rooms where twenty people were sitting, each with a separate telephone. And every two or three minutes a couple of the telephones would ring, and the men would take them up and say, 'Nothing.' And that means that there is no work.

All day long people call up the shadow

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factory trying to sell their shadows. And there are so many people offering their shadows that the factory has installed twenty no-sayers. And every three minutes they say, 'Nothing,' all day long, because so many people in the country want to sell their shadows. And these are not the possessors of ordinary shadows like you or me but the possessors of extraordinary shadows. One is a giant, another a hump-back, the third a dwarf, the fourth has the face of a horse or a donkey, the fifth can climb like an ape, the sixth dances on stilts, the seventh on a tight-rope, and so on. Others are the doubles of famous men who appear from time to time in historical productions, and others are the doubles of two or three different famous people. They are not only the shades of their own shadows but of other shadows more remarkable than their own.

Felix against the U. S. A.

UNDER the title *Felix kontra U. S. A.*, a new German novelist, Hansjürgen Weidlich, has written a book that does for the 'little man' in the United States what Hans Fallada did for the *kleiner Mann* of Germany. It is published by the Buchverlag der Buch- and Tiefdruck-Gesellschaft of Berlin and is reviewed as follows by Emanuel Häussler in the *Neues Wiener Tagblatt*:—

A young German who spent a year in the United States by himself and then had to struggle against everyday difficulties with his young wife has written what is perhaps the first book depicting the life, cares, labors, and disappointments of the little man in the States, seen through the eyes of a German immigrant and described with the pen of an uncommonly gifted writer. This Hansjürgen Weidlich, a new man who used to be a day laborer and went through the hard school of Pittsburgh and New York, has notably enriched the literature of the 'land of unlimited opportunity.' Anyone who has been able to gain nothing more than a brief glimpse of the New World will find that this book, with its collection of stories and horrors, clarifies many things that the hurried visitor lacks time to assimilate, and to those who have never crossed the Atlantic it reveals aspects of a cultural community seven thousand kilometres distant from Europe but actually as remote as the stars.

So long as 'prosperity' gave life a fantastic drive, it did not make much difference that pensions, old-age insurance, unemployment relief, and health insurance were unknown in America. Nobody cared if the elevator operator had to report every morning at eight o'clock and earned fifteen dollars a week from the same boss who paid Stone and Cavanaugh on the sixty-eighth floor of the Chrysler Building one hundred and fifty dollars a week, for they might suddenly discover some Saturday afternoon that they would not be needed the next Monday morning. Business was booming, and it was always easy to pick up a job somewhere else. Presently, however, the ill effects of the World War made themselves felt, and the depression set in.

At this moment a young German, hoping for all kinds of miracles, appeared at the B. and K. plant in Pittsburgh with a letter of recommendation in his pocket and finally got a job as shipping clerk in one of their warehouses. He did not feel discouraged, for all the stories about America begin with the little shoe-shine boy who becomes a newspaper Crœsus or with the bank messenger who becomes the dictator of Wall Street. One merely had to work a lot harder over there, much harder than was good for one. This meant reporting punctually to the boss, and anyone who was a minute late lost an hour's pay; and, if it happened twice because there was no more room in the subway, one had to find a new job.

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One day the head of the personnel department summoned the young German shipping clerk and asked him to take over the checking department. Overnight his salary was raised to forty-five dollars a week, and he was put in charge of nine office girls. 'The first one entered the incoming bills by machine, the second checked them by machine, the third entered them in a book by machine, the fourth entered them under departmental accounts by machine, the fifth sorted them out in chronological order, the sixth sorted them out under the different banks on which they were drawn, the seventh wrote checks by machine, the eighth made out the total expenditures by machine, the ninth helped the head of the department balance accounts, typed his letters, and kept the departmental records.'

One day the young immigrant, who had now become confident of himself, announced that he did not think that Pittsburgh and New York were America and decided that it would be nice to accompany a native American who owned a Ford on a trip across the continent to California, taking with them beds, a tent, an alcohol stove, cooking equipment, and all the requisites of a camping expedition. After a ten weeks' voyage of exploration across deserts and fertile countrysides, through uniform cities and fantastically beautiful natural scenery, there would surely be work again. Where else would there be work if not in the U. S. A.? And it is easier to look for a job if you know you have six hundred dollars in the bank.

But America suddenly had no more work to offer, and the German had no money because his bank had failed. Shipping clerks earned half as much money as they used to, and there were a hundred applicants for every job. Looking for work in New York is a bad business. The agencies were overcrowded, the help-wanted columns in the big newspapers shrank from day to day, and the wages being offered were not enough to pay rent for a single room. Even the search for work went forward at an American tempo: out of bed in the gray of the morning, elevated, subway, by elevator to the fortieth floor, an interview with the personnel chief in the second, third, or tenth firm visited in the course of the day, offers of jobs as magazine salesman, office boy, agent, outside man for crooked sales of stocks and mortgages. Then there were written applications for positions as schoolteacher, bookstore clerk, correspondent, elevator man, and dishwasher.

Finally, he lands something, and the young husband no longer has to depend on his young wife. She has been working as a stenographer in German, English, and French; but suddenly trade with Europe declines, and they yearn for home. Chance offers a second and then a third job; the man has to pound the pavements again. Again he makes the rounds of the agencies and reads over their doors the supreme commandment of the American business Bible—'Smile a little, it won't hurt.'

The book raises many serious problems, but the author always remains a clever, bright-eyed, amusing master of description. From a thousand tiny details he reconstructs the everyday life of the little fellows in the U. S. A. The narrow offices, as impersonal as prison cells but equipped with every modern technical device, the awful suburban apartments with their skeleton fire escapes, the eternal menu of canned foods at home, the bewildered emotions of the little immigrant in this 'land without a soul,' the daily struggle for a bit of bread, the physical numbness of a life of penal servitude, the speculative smiles of the superbly painted girls who earn fifteen dollars a week selling soap in Woolworth's and who appear in the Roxy district in the evening dressed like ladies. The author draws upon all these elements to create a brilliant picture of life that has destroyed our foreign illusions about America.

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THE GUIDE POST
(Continued)

ton is playing in the national policies of Russia, Japan, England, and the United States. In spite of a certain weakness for melodramatic effects, he possesses the supreme virtue of being able to indicate the connections between world economics and world politics.

EDMOND JALOUX, one of the most polished essayists in France, is not so blind to recent events in his country that he does not perceive that tremendous changes are on the way. He maintains that Anatole France personified the Third Republic and prophesies that a new type of man will soon come into existence to personify the new régime that is also in the making. But what form either the man or the régime may take he does not say.

TO JUDGE from the collection of Fascist utterances compiled from the reactionary press, this new French régime will bear a close resemblance to Hitler's. To-day, the French public is being treated to the identical diatribes against Jews, bankers, and democracy that accompanied the rise of Hitler in Germany. Most of the 'best minds' in both countries took the other side, and it remains to be seen whether the united front of Socialists and Communists that finally came into existence in France will succeed where the divided activities of the two parties in Germany failed.

Z. GOLDSTEIN'S story of an Hungarian revolutionist is translated from the French, but it bears no specifically national character. Here is a collection of pure 'type characters,' in a story the scene of which might be laid in Minneapolis, Buenos Aires, or Madrid.

WE BRING the old year to a close with an announcement of the greatest interest to the new. Beginning in January, Mr. Robert Littell, novelist, dramatic critic, and essayist will join our staff and contribute a leading signed essay to our 'Letters and the Arts' department every month. We have long felt the necessity of adding to the literary contents of the magazine, and we can think of no better way of doing it than to enlist the aid of a professional man of letters who is also an accomplished linguist in French and Russian. In August, 1896, Mr. Littell's grandfather and namesake surrendered control of THE LIVING AGE, which Eliakim Littell founded in 1844. After an interval of thirty-nine years a member of the same family that established the magazine returns to the ancestral fold.

IN RESPONSE to requests of our subscribers we have scoured the German press for more first-hand material from the land of Hitler. Most of our findings this month are confined to the 'Books Abroad' department and include a review of Hans Fallada's new novel,—his second in six months,—Friedrich Sieburg's opinion of a collection of essays entitled *Germany Seen from Abroad*, and a partially sympathetic notice of Werner Sombart's latest tome, *German Socialism*. Perhaps these three items may give some clue as to why the German press has lost about 90 per cent of its interest since the Third Reich began its thousand-year reign.

IN THE 'Persons and Personages' department we make the acquaintance of the last of the *genro*, or Elder Statesmen, of Japan. Even in his eighties Prince Saionji's advice carries more weight than that of almost any other man in the country.

OUR editorial article on Senator Nye's investigation of the munitions industry explains itself. Credit should be given, however, to Mr. Ernest Angell, a New York attorney, who is now preparing a longer study on the subject, for the suggestion of a presidential commission.

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